

Week ending June 10 1950

Every Thursday Threepence

John Bull

Serial of a great novel—this
month's Book Society choice

"A TOWN LIKE ALICE"

by NEVIL SHUTE

My husband is an alcoholic

by JUDITH JAMES



JANE HYLTON wears her dark hair medium length, with a fashionable short curl at one side. "My Pin-Up lasts for months," she says. "And all the time it looks natural and feels beautifully soft. There's none of that 'baked' feeling." Jane is playing in *DANCE HALL*.



NATASHA PARRY has the ends of her hair curled with Pin-Up. For a film star "naturalness" in a perm is essential, for any frizz would show up larger than life on the screen. "My Pin-Up home perm is a great success," she says. Natasha, too, appears in *DANCE HALL*.



ANNE GUNNING wears her short hair set in soft waves close to her head. "I am delighted with my Pin-Up home perm," she says. "There's no frizz at all with it and short hair must be neat to be fashionable."

Why Pin-Up home perms are more and more popular with the young film stars

EVER SINCE the first young stars to have Pin-Up home perms set the fashion—and they made hairdressing history!—the habit has been spreading like wildfire through the studios.

Why? Because the brilliant lighting, the searching camera, and—finally—the revealing close-up, all make "naturalness" an essential for a film star's permanent wave.

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natural-looking perm. They also ensure that the Pin-Up Waving Lotion is so well-balanced and kind to the hair that you can actually leave it on as long as you like, even all night if more convenient.

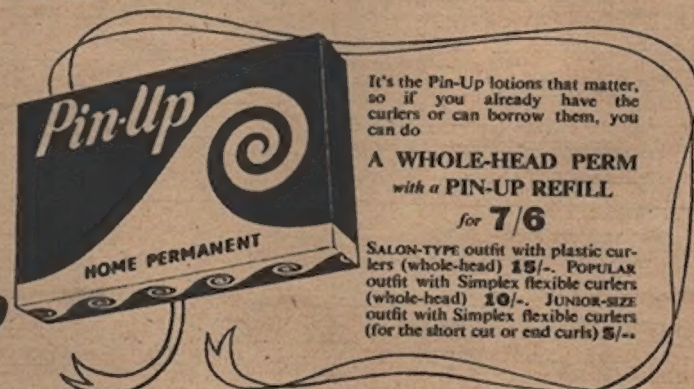
It's easy to do!

If you have never had a home perm, don't be nervous about your ability to give yourself a Pin-Up. Every pack contains simple illustrated instructions. You'll find it's as easy as putting your hair in curlers. You can get a friend to help if you like, but it's unnecessary—thousands of women do it unaided! And you do it at home, of course, in your own time.

Get a Pin-Up outfit today—and give yourself the loveliest perm you have ever had!



HONOR BLACKMAN likes to wear her fine blonde hair in a variety of styles. Here you see her with a very sophisticated coiffure with a long side curl. "My Pin-Up makes my hair wonderfully easy to set in any style I like," she says. Honor is playing in *SO LONG AT THE FAIR*.



It's the Pin-Up lotions that matter, so if you already have the curlers or can borrow them, you can do

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Softer, more natural waves with **Pin-Up**

EDITORIAL

Divided Germany pinpoints the world's dilemma

THIS SUMMER THE FATE of our late enemies the Germans is being settled—settled for the whole foreseeable future. Western Germany is being readmitted to the Western world. She will take her place in the Council of Europe at Strasbourg in August. Her economy is being linked to that of her neighbours. She is even becoming prosperous—in a precarious way.

At the same time, Eastern Germany is being forcibly included in the Eastern world—the world ruled despotically by the Kremlin.

Germany, in fact, is a miniature of the whole world today: she is cut into two deeply hostile halves by the fanaticism of Russia's rulers, and by the tremendous abhorrence of Communism on our side.

The great question that arises is: Peace or War? But perhaps the alternatives are not quite so sharp as that.

People have got used to being either at peace or at war—peace that is broken either by a formal declaration of war or a violent surprise attack; war that is ended by formal armistice and treaty. But this is not a very old tradition. Perhaps we have, without realizing it, gone back to the pattern of earlier times when there was no settled peace.

Just as today the world is split between the totalitarians and the democrats, so once it was split between the Christians and the Mohammedans. There was a long, wavering fringe of tension and hostility wherever the Christian and Moslem worlds met, a sort of medieval Iron Curtain. Every now and then one section of the Curtain would burst into local flames. The Crusades were a series of such spasms. From Poland to Arabia, from the Atlantic to the Black Sea, the clash of two worlds went on for hundreds of years. It was always in the background of men's lives, but most people were never directly affected by it at all, although there were some personal tragedies, just as today. Christians sometimes disappeared behind the Moslem Iron Curtain, either to death or slavery. The same things are happening in 1950. A Christian galley would vanish in the Mediterranean. An American aeroplane vanishes in the Baltic.

This Moslem-Christian struggle was the nearest counterpart in olden times

to the East-West struggle in which we are living today. But there have been other episodes in history where rivalry between two human groups was intense and prolonged enough to produce similar conditions.

Britain's own history records at least two long spells of cold war, lit only by brief flashes of official fighting. One was against France. The other was against Spain. Neither struggle was ever finally won or lost, though each side was sustained by the delusion that it was surely going to win—some day. What always happened in the end was that the clash of interests which caused the rivalry gradually changed and each country found that it had acquired fresh "natural enemies."

So history shows that a world, or a continent, can be divided against itself for a long time and yet stand. It shows that even perpetual cold war can be tolerable for most of the people most of the time.

Are these gloomy conclusions? Not nearly as gloomy as the conclusion that another world war is inevitable. They do not suggest that we should resign ourselves to a state of cold war without doing everything we can to end it.

But the lessons of history, as well as the experience of the postwar years, give us good reason to take a much longer view of the world situation, and stop thinking that everything can be solved by snap decisions and quick pacts or "agreements."

The Communists have a temporary advantage over the Western statesmen. They have a timetable and a map. According to one, their train is coming in any moment now. According to the other, the line leads to Moscow—capital of the world. And that is precisely where they want to go.

So it seems that the task of our statesmen is to explain to them untiringly that their map is wrong and their timetable out of date. Everyone in the democratic countries can help by working for prosperity and against Communist disruption.

For as long as Russia is ruled by men of the present Kremlin type, and as long as they believe they can win the undeclared war in the end, they will persist: We have to destroy their illusion.

Let us invite them to study history—and meanwhile set them a good example of a sturdy, happy civilization in the West.

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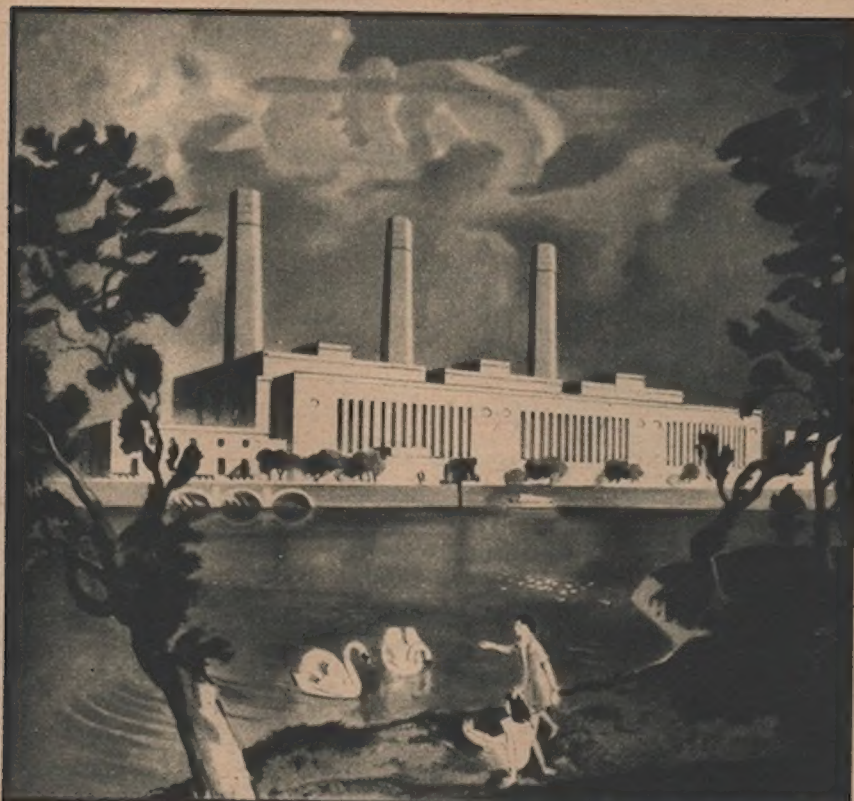
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From a painting by A. R. Thompson, R.A.

Another New Power Station

ON THE WEST BANK of the River Trent, near Newark, stands one of Britain's finest power stations. Staythorpe—the fourth great post-war power plant to be brought into operation by British Electricity—is an engineering triumph of which the nation can be proud.

A Great Achievement

The entire 150-acre site of this power plant was raised 9 feet to bring it above flood level; 1,600 people have laboured, building roads and railways, and thousands of tons of steel and concrete and millions of bricks have been used. The plant and equipment were made in workshops all over

Britain. Already part of the plant is in operation and, when completed, the total output of Staythorpe will be 360,000 kilowatts—nearly half a million horse-power—sufficient electricity to meet the needs of almost two million people.

What it Means to You

Staythorpe is only one of 38 power stations being built by British Electricity. In addition, 43 existing stations are being extended to give increased output. It is part of the plan to provide Britain's factories and workshops, farms and homes with the abundant power they urgently need.

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FREE SPEECH

A challenge to Liddell Hart

CAPTAIN LIDDELL HART'S article, "Hitler's Breakthrough In The West" (JOHN BULL, May 13) is a gross slander against myself and my old comrades of the B.E.F. Where did he get the information that "far from having the overwhelming superiority with which they were credited, Hitler's armies were actually inferior in numbers"? The issue was virtually decided," writes Liddell Hart, "by a small fraction of his (Hitler's) forces before the bulk came into action. That decisive fraction comprised ten armoured divisions."

Ten armoured divisions! The Captain writes about these as though they were platoons of Boy Scouts. In February, 1940, our own 1st Armoured Division had scarcely been formed. When France fell the bulk of that division was still in England. The section which did go to France was told it was "the spearhead of the British Army." It is both comical and tragic to recall that each gun team was forced to draw lots for the one Bren gun which was allotted to each troop. The amazing thing is that Hitler took so long to overrun territory that had so little with which to resist.—S. F. SEARCHFIELD, Poulton Hospital, near Alkham, Dover.

Liddell Hart replies: "My article did not refer to the B.E.F., and made it clear that the main German breakthrough was achieved on the French front. The figures of comparative strength were taken from official records now available. The combined Allied force totalled 157 divisions. The Germans attacked with a total of 130 divisions, but the decisive strokes were delivered by their ten armoured divisions racing on ahead of the mass. Our 1st Armoured Division, formed in 1937, was sent to France immediately the German attack began, arriving a month before 'France fell.' While neither our forces nor the French were as well equipped as they should have been, German equipment was also poor in many respects: their tanks were still of a light type that we considered unfit for use in the field; their medium tanks were not as well armoured or as well armed as the French medium tanks; they had no heavy tanks then—that legend was even repeated in Mr. Churchill's memoirs. Their tanks were much better handled, however: that was the decisive factor."

Punch And Judy A Menace?

WE ARE TOLD THAT harmful books and films are affecting our youngsters' moral standards. Yet flourishing in our midst is a children's show that makes *No Orchids for Miss Blandish* seem cissy stuff—Punch and Judy. Punch, as hideous a figure as ever gave a child nightmares, murders his baby and his wife, hangs the Beadle and stuffs his body in a realistic-looking coffin. After my three-year-old daughter had seen the show on Southsea front she returned home, seized her teddy bear and aimed a shrewd buffet at the offending cat. She won't see any more Punch and Judy.—JESSE PEARCE, "The Harvest Home," Copnor Road, Portsmouth.

A Real-life Romance

ALTHOUGH MY PARENTS are not rich, they are very happily married. They never quarrel and there is such a grand

understanding between them. Some parents I know call each other all the names under the sun and don't speak for weeks on end. They seem to think love is only in novels.—TEENAGER, Mansfield, Notts.

Complex Classroom

PARENTS OF MY county primary school class shudder at the idea of producing a completely normal child. They describe their children to me as "nervous," "highly strung," "quite unable to sit still" or "too sensitive to be reprimanded." My inability to treat each one of a class of fifty as a private patient has perhaps crushed an ego or two—they are probably bristling with inhibitions. But I maintain I am doing my job simply by causing them to learn.—TEACHER, Staffs.

Biology In The Open

JOHN MAY'S ARTICLE, "Nature Study At Flatford Mill" (JOHN BULL, May 20), brought back many happy memories of a week spent at a similar field centre. It was hard work, but it taught us the real value of biology.—J. HEWITT, 22 South Darley Street, St. James's Road, Halifax.

P.o.w.s Used As Horses

OLIVER PHILPOT'S DESCRIPTION of p.o.w. life as "like living in a rather unpleasant hotel" in his series "Stolen Journey" strikes me as a masterpiece of understatement. At a small working camp at Zittau, in Saxony, we worked from 7 a.m. to 6 p.m.—unloading trucks of coal and potatoes, down open-cast mines, gravedigging and acting as draught horses in the shafts of delivery carts.—E. HALL, "Broomside," The Crescent, Barham, Suffolk.

... As an ex-Army p.o.w., I feel sure Oliver Philpot is wrong to describe officer prisoners out collecting wood with a guard as "on parole." I understood that a prisoner who took parole would be court-martialled at the end of the war.—EDWARD AYLING, Terwick Mills, Rogate, Sussex.

Oliver Philpot sticks to his guns in both cases. He says: "My description of p.o.w. life may not have been true of Mr. Hall's experiences, but it was of my own. We certainly collected firewood on parole and took one or two short walks on parole from the cramped quarters at Spangenberg Castle—in every case with the full authority of the Senior British Officer."

John Bull welcomes readers' views, experiences and ideas for publication. A guinea is paid for every letter used. Mark the envelope "Free Speech" and make sure your full name and address is in the letter.

THIS WEEK'S COVER



COVER artist M. B. Critchlow says: "The picture is based on Brighton fishmarket. I used to go there very early, when there is most activity, to watch and make notes. My fish 'models' came from Billingsgate—after four days in the house they made me quite unpopular."

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If you haven't got a happy stomach,
you should try Rennie's for relief from
pain after meals. Pain and discomfort
usually result from acid stomach, and
Rennie's are specially made to relieve
this! Suck two Rennie's tablets slowly,
like sweets, and, drip-by-drip, they
restore peace and well-being to your

stomach. If Rennie's don't relieve your
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When Rennie's are dissolved slowly in the mouth, the saliva
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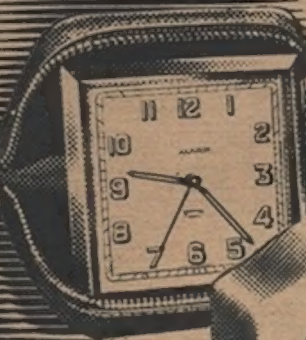


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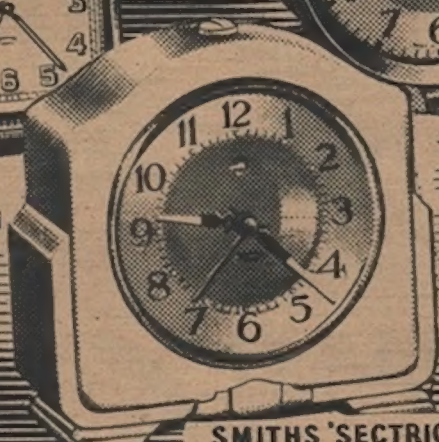
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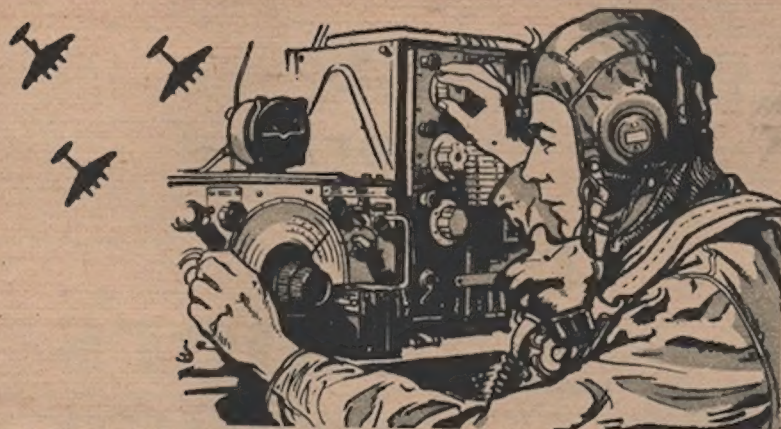
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The train came down with a deafening rumble and hiss, the air sucking at his clothes and body. He flung himself on the cowering little animal

ACCIDENT AT THE CROSSING

by JOHN R. HUMPHREYS

ILLUSTRATED BY CLIVE UPTON

The dog made him see himself as the town must see him:
a weak man whose wife had left him. He began to hate it

THE DOG was apparently lost; she seemed to be looking for someone and when people reached out a hand to pet her, she shied from them, her eyes growing fearful. She was a tiny, short-haired dog with dirty white hair—a mongrel—and she walked around the town for two days, looking into shops and at the faces of the people passing her.

No one in the town had ever seen the dog before and it was thought at first she might belong to one of the gipsies. She'd had pups not long ago and people saw her sitting on the pavement, shivering in the sun with that peculiar fright she carried always in her eyes.

Old Fred Clutton, the keeper at the railway crossing, might have appealed to her for any number of reasons. It might have been Fred's harmless indifference to his fellow men, or even his own loneliness she sensed. But she began

to follow Fred between his lodgings and the crossing, and during the day stayed close to the keeper's hut. Fred had lived in the small town most of his life, coming there as a young man from the next county, meeting the girl who became his wife, and living out that brief portion of his marriage with her before the disaster had visited him, leaving Fred with all the marks of a village "character."

No one in the town was sure just what it was that made Fred's aloofness increase over the years. Many men had broken with their wives, or had had their wives leave them, and then quickly recovered, without the remorse and bitterness that had settled within Fred. His solitude had made him a strange figure in the sense that the village halfwit was strange and that the gipsies who sat on the kerbs were strange. So the townspeople left Fred alone and Fred didn't seem to mind.

And that's how it would have gone on, if it

hadn't been for one thing: for the stray dog that began to follow him.

At first Fred ignored her and then, because she was thin and he knew she must always be desperately hungry, he began to feed her from his lunch. He let the dog stay with him and follow him for a few weeks, but the dog was destined, long before Fred lost his leg, to Fred's disdain and rejection, for there was something in the dog that Fred began to dread. It was connected for Fred with that night so long ago when his wife had left him. And one day, with a surprising bitterness and frantic anger, he began to drive the dog from his hut with stones.

A duel had begun between them, and it was soon noted that Fred's attempts to chase the dog off and be rid of her were futile. She continued to follow him with bewildered eyes, returning and returning to stand quivering and helpless by his legs—to be driven off again, always to return with her frightened pleading that drove Fred into his pale, shuddering rages.

The night before the accident and the loss of his leg, she followed Fred home. She stopped each time Fred stopped and looked while Fred waved his arms and shouted, and then followed him again as Fred went on. The sun had just set and the sky was lavender and hazy, and the quiet street where Fred walked, followed by the dog, was shadowless. The air was heavy with impending rain. Most of the shops were locked, closed for the day.

He escaped at the door of his lodgings. He entered, closing the door tightly behind him. And then Fred went upstairs, went under the hanging light bulb and along to his room, his daily and yearly routine.

He sat that night at the table in his small room and tried to read. He took out his railway watch, laid it flat on the table, and then opened an old anthology of poetry with a loose green binding and began to follow the lines with one finger, frowning and reading with his lips. Fred read for an hour, until it began to rain, and as the first gust of drops hit the windowpane by his side, he listened for a few minutes and then got up to pace the room. In a final turn at the window he lunged back across the narrow space between his bed and the wall and yanked open the door. The dog was lying out there in

the passage. They looked at each other with identical shock. "You get in here," Fred said sharply.

The dog cringed in round the edge of the door and fled under the bed. "And stay there," Fred said.

Fred went back to his chair and sat down. He stared at the bed and then, far away, he heard the sound of a train coming. He reached up, turned out the lamp, and then faced the window.

The iron might of the train whistled drearily and the thrashing sounds of its massive charge came closer. It passed northward with a furious, clacking rush, with a low rumbling and rattling of wheels that shook the window frames.

FRED watched until the last coach had passed and faded into the night. In the lush silence that remained, he sat facing the rain that now fell over the darkness, over backyards and fences and over the distant pine trees that stood in ragged points against the night sky.

The wet silence was peaceful and the power of the passing train had travelled into Fred Clutton. He thought, as he sat there: It's like a god. Can't be hurt, and knows no reason but its own. It shakes the ground. And after it's gone there are cinders all over the ground and they're hot. It's the only one that knows how I feel. It knows all right. We're just alike.

He often told himself that, since the day his wife had left him, he'd won wisdom. He had, he thought, learned the beauty of simple solitude. And thinking of the trains that passed and of himself guarding the people from their fury, the people the trains cared nothing about, helped him forget something so humiliating that he had not even been able to run from it to another town because that would have been publicly admitting his shame. That much pride he did have.

It seemed to Fred that everyone in the town must know of the day his wife ran off and they must think of it all the time, because he had never forgotten, not for a day—never forgotten how, when he should have gone out there and smashed down the door if he'd had to, or fought it out with knives or fists or clubs if he'd had to, to get his satisfaction, he'd done nothing, and the whole town, he was sure, must know, because Charlie Turner had offered him his cycle to go after them, and he'd turned the offer down.

He'd stayed at home instead, sat in the dark living-room of the house he'd later sold to rid himself of what it reminded him of; he'd sat there because he knew he would have been beaten to death in any kind of fight with the other man, and because he knew he didn't have the nerve to use a gun, to kill anyone, no matter what he'd done to him. He had done nothing (and he knew it then and for all the years that came afterwards) because to lose a wife was not as bad as to lose a wife and get a beating or get killed into the bargain.

But until the dog had come Fred had always thought of himself as moving through the unheard mirth of the town with solitude and solidness that was like a train. The train had been his god, his idol, the image of his longing.

And that was why he had begun to fear and then hate the dog; because he knew he was just as lost and friendless as the dog; the railway was really a false dream of himself, like the poetry he read, or

wanted to read and found so difficult. The dog, with her pitiful eyes, recalled the picture of himself as he had sat in a dark living-room twenty years ago and pitifully asked the darkness, as though it were his wife, not to hurt him like this. The memory sickened him: his pleading and asking of why? Why? What have I done?

It was the dog, not the train, who really knew how he felt, and they were the two who were just alike.

He sat at the window and the realization disgusted and infuriated him, and he thought again of the dog under the bed. The feeling of peace and power that the passing train had given him was gone.

He turned on the light, reached under the bed and dragged the dog out by her forepaws. She came sliding out on her back, her tail curled between her legs, her tongue running quickly out and back over her nose. He threw the dog into the passage, shut the door and locked it. "Bitch!"

When he opened the door the following morning, the dog wasn't there. He went down to breakfast, glancing towards the front door, but

When the three five came down that afternoon Fred went outside to watch it pass. It came from beyond the pickle factory, whistling and pouring smoke. Fred glanced to see that the crossing gates were properly shut, and saw the dog sitting in the middle of the track watching him, sitting right between the rails of the approaching train.

The dog, since she'd begun following Fred and sticking close to his keeper's hut during the day, had grown used to the trains and when they came by she often stood beside the line, her tail between her legs, watching them—a little dog with a pointed nose, her head set stiffly towards the clattering wheels. She trembled as they passed, but she'd grown so used to them that it was plain she saw them as nothing unusual or more deadly than anything in her strange and unfriendly world.

Fred picked up a stone, threw it at the dog and yelled. The stone clinked against a rail, bobbed up and fell. The dog just stood there quivering and staring back. He took a few fast steps, kicking cinders towards her. "You damn' fool!" And then the dog rolled over on her back. He

Charlie Turner. Charlie, find that leg for me, will you?"

He hadn't meant to be funny, or sound funny; he'd only wanted to show how cool he felt and how good he felt about being cool. And there was an idea in his head he couldn't get out that if they found the leg they could stick it back to the stump and it would grow on.

The loss of Fred's leg brought a good many of the townspeople to his bedside at the hospital, and after Fred had been released those people and the rest of the town thought perhaps the accident, terrible as it was, might actually have done some good.

He hadn't become a talkative man by any means, but it was plain to everyone in town that a shell, or whatever it might be called, had broken from around Fred and a much prouder man than they'd imagined had emerged, a rather friendly man with surprising dignity. There was speculation and guessing, but it couldn't be said for certain why the accident had brought such alterations. Even Fred, for that matter, was only gradually coming to his own conclusion. He couldn't get used to an artificial leg, and got about on crutches.

The night after Fred's first day back on the job he sat in his lodgings at the table, and the dog lay on the bed. The lamp was lighted, but Fred wasn't reading. He was staring thoughtfully at the wall, thinking. He heard a train hooting through the darkness. He didn't turn to the window, but his fingers stopped their slow fidget.

The dog got off the bed and walked to the door, her nails clicking against the bare linoleum. The window began to shake, and the train passed in the darkness and went on.

Then Fred, noticing the dog at the door, got up; he took up his crutches and he and the dog went downstairs. They went through the front door into the dark street.

Fred was still as thoughtful and meditative as he'd been in his room as he stood there in the still street of the small town. He packed his pipe and stared across the street, believing he knew now why it was he'd sat that night in an empty house, where a woman had fled, and left an eight-mile pursuit undone.

WASN'T it because he'd never really wanted to go and just thought he should? Because what someone did, thinking he should, didn't count for very much. It was what he felt that counted. He hadn't gone after his wife because he hadn't really loved her, and she'd certainly never loved him. When a person began to love someone or something he had a way of thinking of it as himself. That's when he acted and that's what counted. Why, he'd never been a coward at all!

The dog came back from across the street and they went back up the step. Fred opened the door and they went inside. He went up the stairs behind the dog, listening to the sound of his crutches against the treads.

The light at the top of the stairs was burning and when he went down the landing to his room his shadow filled the corridor and wavered up the walls, up the sides of the walls and the narrow, panelled doors and fell away and back as he went down to the door of his room where the dog was waiting, its narrow head and thin nose turned towards him, its sharp, dark eyes bright in the landing light.

THE END

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the dog wasn't outside on the step either.

He sat down at the table feeling curiously guilty about throwing the dog into the passage. When the landlady brought his porridge he said, "See that daft dog anywhere?"

"About an hour ago," she said. "She was out at the front."

He nodded and poured his milk, feeling momentarily relieved.

But the dog was waiting for him at the crossing hut, lying in the rain-flooded hole at the side. It was a hole she'd dug for coolness, a hole she dug a little deeper every day, as though she were undermining not only Fred but the building he sat in.

Fred stood above her, looking down with his hands on his hips, while her thin tail thumped the ground, wet clay sticking to the short hairs. He shook his head while her tail went on thumping the ground, then he turned and went inside the hut, shaking his head, and sat down in his chair.

MIDDAY, when he opened his sandwich tin, the dog was there, her nose in the doorway. He fed her the crusts of his sandwiches, flinging them at her face too fast for her to catch, and then relenting to hand her half a slice of meat. She stood near his feet while she ate, her head bent, gulping the meat, looking at him sorrowfully and humbly.

"I swear to God," he said, "the only thing you understand is a kick in the face. I'm not good enough to you. I ought to kick you in the face. You'd like that, wouldn't you?" The dog wagged her tail. "Get out of here."

This was the day of the accident.

screamed above the whistle of the train, "Get up, get up!"

He hesitated there, with the train sweeping in, glancing towards the looming black form of the engine and then at the dog, her head turned towards him, her eyes abject. The sound of the engine and coaches was swarming loudly around his head, the whistle blasting. The hair on his head was prickling and chilling. The train rushed down on him, the earth shook; but he was already on the rails then, his arms scooping down for the dog. The train came down with a deafening rumble and hiss, the crazy air sucking at his clothes and body, and thunder came down over him with crushing power and fury, curling in around him like a rocking storm, passing by him, nearly over him.

Fred lay beside the rails, his eyes closed, hot cinders spraying over him. The dog was quiet in his arms. He wasn't certain then, but he was pretty sure his leg was gone. Down the line the train's brakes were still squealing. He knew his leg was hit but it could have just been brushed. He heard feet running towards him, coach doors slamming, voices.

He loosened his arms and let the dog go. He felt nothing. He just wanted them to let him stay there with his eyes closed. He listened to them talking and crowding in around him, listened to them telling one another how it happened and who to call and what to do and heard someone come running, saying: "My God, it's old Fred Clutton!"

Then Fred opened his eyes to see who it was and said the words that were later to acquire a peculiar renown: "Well, if it isn't old

People count more than bricks and mortar. So when it's a question of how they should live, let them join in planning. That's the policy of Max Lock and his

Team that changes towns

by DENNIS HOLMAN

A YOUNG WOMAN KNOCKED on the front door of a house in West Hartlepool. The housekeeper opened it. "We're conducting a sample survey of living-conditions, family sizes, shopping habits, occupations, wages, daily travel to work, and so on. I wonder—" and the young woman smiled charmingly "—would you like to assist by answering a few questions?"

"Certainly," the housekeeper assured her.

"Well," said the young woman. "How many persons live here?"

"Ten."

"What are their occupations?"

"Town planners," said the housekeeper proudly.

In a sample survey only one house in twenty is studied. Houses are picked at random, and a rough figure for the whole town is obtained by blowing up the results—multiplying them by twenty. In due course the sample survey report appeared. West Hartlepool was shown as possessing the magnificent figure of 200 town planners.

Strange Things Happened

At the time, 200 town planners did not strike Hartlepoolians as excessive. Extraordinary things were happening then; the town would have believed anything possible.

It had all started when the council decided to invite a town planning consultant, a man called Max Lock, to draw up a plan for the Hartlepool. But instead of just Max Lock, the Max Lock Group arrived—architects, model makers, sociologists, economists, engineers—men and women, most of them under thirty.

"They took us completely by surprise," says E. J. Waggott, Town Clerk of West Hartlepool. "They rented a large house, redecorated it and lived there communally. Nobody could make them out at first, but the planners worked hard. They turned the town upside down. They cross-sectioned us, dissected us, probed and dug. They held meetings, gave lectures, and got the town to argue and put up suggestions—all of which amused people no end, until they began to take an interest in the plan and enter into the spirit of the thing."

With the result, Max Lock claims: "I think we can call our job on the Hartlepool a people's plan."

Find Out What's Wrong

Youthful-looking, dressed well but somewhat carelessly, Lock has, in the last few years, distinguished himself by a new approach to his subject. His technique has re-orientated the whole business of planning towns. Legislation has been based largely on his methods. His books are recommended as textbooks for local government planners up and down the country. "Before you plan a town you must find out what's wrong with it," he says. "And before you draw your plans you must consult the people."

His words seem obvious and sensible; Sir Patrick Geddes was preaching the same gospel forty years ago: but it has yet to be practised. Cities have been planned in the past, but

rather like that of Versailles, with the cold ideal of geometrical design; or like Haussman's, driving broad, tree-lined boulevards across nineteenth-century Paris, yet leaving the hinterland a squalid maze of slums, where poverty, disease and crime persisted. Hampstead Garden Suburb got a little nearer the root of the problem, but when the shouting died it was realized there was no provision for shops, and no public transport is admitted; it is planned for people with leisure to walk or means to own a car.

"Town planning," Lock continues, "is the architecture of applied humanity. Towns are men and women before bricks and mortar. They must be organically sound before they can be made to look fine." Most of our towns, he says, contain vast tracts of obsolete and blighted housing, but before beginning their regeneration planners must study the people, how they live, work and play. To plan without a survey would be like trying to improve a sick woman's complexion by painting her cheeks.

His formula is investigate, analyse, diagnose—the diagnostic survey—a comprehensive piece of work which he tackles by assembling a

group of experts and turning them loose in a town for eighteen months. At the end of that time he undertakes to supply the council with a detailed survey, a plan based on the survey, and a scale model showing what the town would look like.

School Class Began It

Max Lock is thirty-nine. He traces the evolution of his ideas back to 1936 when, as a Watford town councillor and lecturer at the Architectural Association School of Architecture in Bedford Square, he organized a class of students to plan seventeen acres of Stepney which was then to be rebuilt.

Each student took a different part of the job and, working in conjunction with L.C.C. officials, they produced a plan which was exhibited in London and acclaimed by the Press. The war came. The plan was shelved. But it left Lock thinking.

The success of the plan was that the people who were to build, administer and live in the area had been consulted at every point of its conception. This was one lesson.

The next lesson he got in Hull, where, as principal of the Hull School of Architecture, he received a Leverhulme grant to make a

detailed study of the city's population, housing, sanitation, health, welfare, recreation, public services, transport and communications, trade and industry.

Again Lock assembled his team. They were mostly his old pupils who had since graduated in architecture and were looking for experience. Together they produced the Hull Regional Survey which was later used as a basis for Lutyens's and Abercrombie's plan for the city.

Though the Hull plan attempts to remedy the city's major defects, Lock feels it is not quite a people's plan. Survey and diagnosis were there, but the common people had not been consulted very much over the planning of their future city. Middlesbrough gave the group its first chance of putting Lock's theories into practice.

Middlesbrough is Britain's outstanding example of a "boom town." Instead of growing up slowly round a castle or cathedral, it had spread uncontrolled round the weird shapes of coke ovens and blast furnaces. In 1831 the population was 154; in 1931 it was 138,000.

Over 45,000 of these Max Lock found living in the central area, at a density of fifty houses to the acre;



New way of tackling an old problem. Max Lock, with pipe, talks over a model with three of his helpers



John Bull photograph by William Kemp

"Before you change a town, you must find out what's wrong with it." Lock turns an idea into a plan

between 300 and 450 tons of soot, dust and dirt fell to the square mile of this area every year—nine times as much as the people got on the outskirts of the town.

With ill-health caused by overcrowding and loss of daylight, a high death-rate of mothers and children, numerous accidents in the busy streets, the central area presented a picture of blight as bad as anywhere else in England.

On the other hand the suburbs were spacious and pleasing to look at, but, like those of many other towns, without the urban amenities of shops, clubs, pubs, cinemas, playgrounds, churches. They depended entirely on the smoke-stained central area.

A planner's problem was how to bring the warmth of the slums to the socially sterile housing estates. The Max Lock Group consulted 4,000 citizens before proposing the solution—a number of self-contained neighbourhoods to rehouse 22,000 people, with lighter industries as outlets for women and girls.

The group's next client was West Hartlepool. The Hartlepoons will never live down their hanging of a monkey as a French spy, but Hartlepudlians are nice, sociable people, who don't have to wait till they die before riding in a Rolls Royce—most of their taxis are gleaming models of that make.

They have a football team, a newspaper and an accent all of their own. They export coal, import pit

props and build fine steamers. Yet a Max Lock survey exposed the fact that twenty per cent of them are probably the worst housed in Britain; 13,641 were living in 2,544 dwellings of which 1,840 were chronically sub-standard. In fifty-six streets all houses were without baths or inside w.c.

West Hartlepool celebrated its 100th birthday when the survey was being conducted, and a descendant of Ralph Ward Jackson, the town's founder, was imported to figure in the celebrations. Whisked from fête to dinner, to party, to unveiling ceremony, the descendant shook hands with half the town. Wearily he met Lock after a memorial service in the park.

"And whom do you represent?" the descendant asked.

"The mistakes of your famous ancestor," Lock replied.

Boom Town On A Swamp

In 1848 West Hartlepool was sand, fields and swamp, with the villages of Stranton and Seaton Carew to the south, and the ancient town of Hartlepool on the headland to the north-east. Fourteen years later, it had become the greatest port on the north-east coast, handling over three times the combined traffic of the neighbouring ports of Newcastle, Shields, Sunderland and Middlesbrough. Not many years later it became the fourth largest port in the United Kingdom.

The group's survey records in

concise and very readable prose practically every relevant fact concerning the Hartlepoons. For instance the towns have no theatre, other than variety at the Empire (1,732 seats), no concert hall, too few playing fields, no gymnasium for adults, no indoor swimming bath, no wash-houses, inadequacy of dance halls and meeting rooms, insufficiency of restaurants.

Lock's most drastic proposals affect the main shopping centre. Existing shops follow the perimeter of a rectangle eighty-four acres in area, with the distance between shops a serious inconvenience. Lynn Street, the main shopping street, is badly decayed and too far distant from the mass of population; consequently, York Road, nearer the people, has become more prosperous.

Max Lock's alternative is a central shopping area near York Road, seventeen acres in extent, with new, well-planned shops conveniently grouped together to provide a better choice, save time and the crossing of streets. Lynn Street is completely wiped out in the plan.

Around the shopping centre, the central area is zoned to contain the civic centre, business, transport and recreational centres, a bigger school of art and technical college, a county college, youth centre, art gallery, library and museum, and housing in 927 flats for about 3,500 shift workers who must live in the area.

Of West Hartlepool's 19,000-odd

houses, including 2,700 which are badly decayed and 5,300 which are sub-standard and should be demolished in fifteen years, Lock proposes to leave 10,500 intact with 35,000 people unaffected. The remaining 33,000 inhabitants will be rehoused in eight neighbourhoods, each with their clubs, pubs, churches, cafés, health centres, community centres, cinemas, daily shopping—self-contained, except for weekly visits to the town.

About 100,000 trees are to be planted to ward off the biting east wind, the whole town to be landscaped with green belts, open spaces, footpaths, riding tracks, gardens, children's play spaces, golf course, tree-lined avenues, boulevards.

Children As Planters

The City Fathers were sceptical. There is only one tree in the Hartlepoons—a wizened sycamore in a doctor's garden. "What the wind won't kill the children will take," they said.

"Why not get the children to plant the trees," Lock suggested. "Then they won't pull them up." The Education Officer agreed, and the schoolchildren put down several thousand trees. Drought killed most of them last year. Replanting is going on.

Lock's designs have been translated most realistically by Michael Theis, the model maker, into tiny balsa wood and cardboard buildings, with celluloid lakes and sorbo rubber trees, which 15,000 Hartlepudlians visited and the town has been arguing about ever since.

Town Clerk Waggott has a compendium of public opinion on the plan—Press cuttings, letters to the editor, to the council, minutes of protest meetings, votes of confidence. He says, "Behind a lot of the objection is sixty years of antagonism to the amalgamation of the two Hartlepoons which the scheme proposes.

"Most of the criticism is of a personal note. People ask themselves, 'How does it affect me?' and react accordingly."

As a private town planning consultant, Max Lock is in the business for any local planning authority who wishes to engage him. His charges depend on the size of the job. Roughly they amount to the product of 1½d. on the pound rate for a year, out of which he must pay his group for the time they are working and the expenses of the survey.

His bill for Middlesbrough was £5,000. For the Hartlepoons he received £3,500.

Families Can Take Root

He has just delivered his verdict on Portsmouth; the City Council had proposed housing its 120,000 homeless in a new town to be built eight miles away, the County had disapproved, so the Minister of Town and Country Planning had suggested they got an expert to settle the differences.

Max Lock's proposals have become Portsmouth's hottest talking point. But he was asked for a verdict and this is: "A new town would not solve Portsmouth's problem. Better to thin out the congested central area to augment the outer districts. These augmented communities will provide the kind of self-contained neighbourhoods where families can take root and lead a balanced life.

"Besides," Lock adds, "it will save the city £500,000." THE END

My husband is an alcoholic

by JUDITH JAMES

It was a tremendous shock when I realized what I was in for. It was worse to find I could not stop him drinking—but somebody else could

WE KEEP A BOTTLE of whisky in the cistern above the toilet. To be quite accurate, the bottle is empty now. I drank the contents with some unexpected guests at Christmas. But we put it back on Boxing Day. John, my husband, climbed precariously on the seat after lunch and dropped it gently in again. It's hard to explain, but that bottle has become not only a family joke but a sort of talisman.

Three years ago a bottle like that nearly caused a divorce. I found one at the bottom of the laundry basket, the day after John had promised he would only drink with other people—never alone. Now I feel that as long as we can keep one up there, and laugh when we remember that it was the one secret hiding place John says I never found, we are all right.

If anybody had told me then that I would ever laugh at alcohol, I would not have believed him. For three years ago John was a drunk, and I had lost all perspective about it. I couldn't then have talked to anybody about John's drinking, except in an hysterical, self-pitying way when I was a little "high" myself, or angry because he had made a scene. I certainly could never have written about it, quietly,

in this room where we have had so many rows and horrible, grovelling reconciliations.

Now, sitting at this desk on which John nearly brained himself one evening when he passed out cold just as he was protesting he hadn't had a drink all day, I want to write about how it feels to be married to an alcoholic. Judith James is not my right name, for John has a good job now, where his past is nobody's business. But this is the real story of my life with him.

John is an alcoholic. He will be an alcoholic all his life. We have faced that, just as some people have to face the fact that they are diabetic. John won't *ever* be able to drink again. Something might go wrong, and he might relapse. But I don't think he will. Like the diabetic who has got marvellously better, it is something we must always keep in the back of our minds. We have to make sure he avoids the conditions which might give him a relapse.

Nightmare I Couldn't Understand

Those days when John's drinking had the upper hand were a nightmare. It was dreadful to have to look after a drunkard—not just any drunkard, but your husband whom you loved. I couldn't understand why he drank, when I knew he did not want to. I blamed myself, and couldn't bear other people to know.

Sober, John is a quiet, sensitive little man, the intelligent, intellectual type. He loves his home and family. He loves peace. Drunk, he is completely different. Not that he ever beat me up or brought home women, or anything dramatic like that. But he coarsened into an entirely different man. His equilibrium always went first. "Don't know why you say I'm drunk," he would declare over and over again, slurring a little. Sometimes for half an hour or more he would go on explaining where he had been, and how he couldn't have had a drink, all the while weaving round the room, knocking over tables. His lack of co-ordination while eating would make him spend minutes laboriously trying to pierce a potato with his fork, and his concentration on the job of finding his mouth when he had managed it was agonizing. He would sing, too, something he never does when sober. His song would always be: "Oh, You Beautiful Doll."

As I write, John is in the park with our four-year-old daughter. Two years ago I would have been frantically anxious. I never had the heart to tell him I did not trust him with his little daughter—but I could not rest easy until they were home. Sometimes I would follow them, crouching behind couples, waiting round corners.

I was right. John never stopped loving either of us. But one day when I had left him with baby to go shopping, I found Joanna delightedly playing with the plants in the window-box. The sash was up, the street scores of feet below, and John "out" next door, an earth-covered bottle in his hand. I never *have* told John, even now, how I felt when he went out with the baby. But when I wrote the words just now: "John is in the park with our four-year-old daughter," I had a sudden thrill. It sounded so good and normal.

Love—But A Vague Threat

When we first fell in love, things were often like that—happy and natural and the way things ought to be, because we were terribly in love and still are. In those early days the drinking was only a vague threat I did not even admit to myself. I did know that he went on binges too often for my liking. He admitted that—admitted even that he had once got ploughed in an exam. because he had such a hangover he couldn't read the questions. But he made it all sound rather amusing and utterly unimportant. He was certain, too, that once he was married and had me for an anchor, he would stay sober. I believed him. I know he meant it. We got married and were blissfully happy—for three days.

The third evening I took my first knock-out blow. I had gone upstairs a little ahead and left John finishing a game of darts in the little



"The third evening of our marriage I took my first knock-out. He was completely plastered"

country hotel bar. Only a few minutes after I had switched on the lights, it seemed to me, the porter appeared with John, and left him straddled across the bed, breathing heavily, coarse and grey-looking—completely plastered. Never will I forget the look of mixed disgust and sympathy that hall porter gave me.

I did a lot of thinking that night, while John slept it off. It was a tremendous shock, and I tried to face up to what I might be in for. I'm no martyr. But I believe marriage is for keeps. I decided that night I had to try everything to stop him, and to stay with him if I could. It was a bitter pill; but a far more bitter one came later when I had to admit that I could not stop him. Somebody else or something else, perhaps. Not me.

Of course, next day we had it out. "You're making a mountain out of a molehill, darling," John kept saying. "I'm terribly sorry. But it was the excitement, and the wedding, and my final exam." Since then I've heard all the excuses. There is the one that he was drunk because he was worried about a board for a new job—about money—about work—about whether I would be all right when the baby was born. Sometimes the excuse was that I nagged him, or misunderstood him, or neglected him for the baby. Almost any reason served. He never faced up to the fact that he was drunk because he had drunk alcohol, and it is poison to him.

I went through various stages myself. One was the "understanding" stage. "All right, darling," I would say brightly when he suggested a drink, though obviously tight already. "I'd love one, a good, strong one. I feel tired, too. It's what we both need." And I would be sure that if I drank *with* him it was all right. But all I got was a terrible headache. I tried nagging, too. And I tried screwing up my courage and fetching him myself. That was an ordeal, for I felt his drinking friends eyeing me with that "What a prig and spoil-sport" look. Nothing helped.

Party To End All Our Parties

By this time we had lost most of our friends. Sometimes John would bring in some drinking pals—or somebody kind would bring him home, and I would be polite and grateful. I had tried having friends in earlier in our married life, tried filling the house up with interesting people. I remember one evening when we had invited some family friends to dinner—older people, a little stuffy, but kind. At about six John came weaving in. I got him to go to bed and locked the door on him. There was nothing else to do. When they arrived I told them how sorry I was that John had had to go out to an important conference. And as I spoke there came a terrible battering at the bedroom door. John had woken up, and his thick, indignant voice was demanding why he was in bed, and where was the whisky. That was the party which ended all our parties.

I was so distraught that I began hiding the alcohol I found, and he had become so bad that he could not do without it even in the morning, and frantically searched for better and better hiding places. It was a terrible, macabre game between us. John would find good places—like that cistern. But sometimes he was very careless. One day I was sitting with the baby in this room when I heard him come into the hall humming that awful tune, "Oh, You Beautiful Doll." He closed the door and called out loudly: "I'll be right in, Judy, I've got to scrape the mud off my shoes." He was so drunk he made a terrible noise, and I could guess every move. He tried to fit a bottle into the golf club bag, but he only dropped all the sticks on the floor. Then he tried the chest, and I could almost hear him remembering I knew about that one. I heard him pulling the coats about, to find a pocket I might miss. He knocked the hats down, and was ages picking them up. It sounded like a comic juggler's act. He finally settled for an umbrella.

He had a spell in hospital after that. We had a long talk, and he agreed to try that last resort

again. Afterwards he was better, held a job for two or three months, and then was back again, worse than ever. Desperately, I tried pretending to be interested in another man, and going out with him. For a few times it bolstered my self-confidence. Soon it just made me miserable, and it didn't stop John drinking. Though I wanted to kill him sometimes for the way he seemed to be trying to tear down everything we hoped to build in our life, I still loved him.

When the baby was on the way, things got better again for a little while. He adored children, was tremendously excited, and genuinely certain that this was what he had always needed—a child to work for and be responsible for. It was the old story. High hopes, promises, and then the night Joanna was born everything started again.

Everybody who has had to do with an alcoholic will know the stages we went through now



Unnoticed by girl passer-by, a "Drunk" leaves court with the best kind of help—an Alcoholics Anonymous friend who's been in the same boat

that John was really sliding. His need for drink was driving him desperate, and his lies and schemes in consequence became more grotesque. I had changed, myself. There was Joanna to think about now. I still loved my husband, but my maternal instinct was transferred from him, and was now focused normally on my baby. I could not have him and Joanna in the flat together any longer. He did not argue. He seemed dazed, and kept saying: "If that's what you think, darling." There was an unspoken admission that some time I would start divorce proceedings. It would have been easier if he had got angry. He just left quite quietly one morning when he thought I was still out.

I won't pretend it wasn't a relief. It was like having a great cloud lifted. I put Joanna in a nursery school, took a part-time job. There was a terrible teacher shortage, and with my qualifications I picked one up in the neighbourhood quite easily. But I wasn't completely happy. I felt utterly defeated when I thought about my marriage, and though I had stopped blaming myself, I could not help feeling I had "quit."

Then I got a letter. It was different, somehow, from any I had ever had. People told me they had seen John and he was worse than ever; from notes he had sent me I knew that this was true and that he was desperately unhappy. This letter was utterly different.

He told me, quite unemotionally, that he had met a man who had told him about a society called Alcoholics Anonymous. He said he had

joined it, and that he had stopped drinking—for ever. He said he did not expect me to believe him, but that he would be very grateful if I would see him somewhere to talk things over.

I had heard so many promises, had so many spells of normal living suddenly broken by drinking bouts, that I didn't believe in this Alcoholics Anonymous or anything else. But I did still think a wife should stick by her husband if she could. I was sure it would be no use, and I dreaded to start it all again. But I felt I had to see him, and let him tell me about it.

The First Step To Control

Directly he came into the dingy little restaurant, with the red plush, and unlikely-looking Chinese lanterns, I knew he was different. I'm not religious, and I find it hard to talk about God. But I could tell at once, even before he saw me and came over, that he had had some profound spiritual experience. He looked worn and rather ill, but he looked at peace. He explained briefly what A.A. had done for him. First, they had taught him that he, like every member, was an alcoholic. An alcoholic was a sick man, to whom drink was poison. To admit that is the entrance fee to A.A., and the first step to control. Then they told him he must admit some Power greater than himself. It didn't matter what God was his particular God, or what religion helped him, so long as he admitted there was a Supreme Being, and was willing to turn his life over to Him.

He said he wanted to begin life with me again if I would allow it. If I felt I couldn't face it he would try to make proper provision for me.

"I'll think about it," I said heartlessly. "I've heard a lot of promises before."

"I know," he replied simply. I told my solicitor the next day to delay proceedings.

Each time we met afterwards, always in that quiet restaurant, John was sober, controlled, but, though he never asked me, pathetically anxious to see Joanna. He told me more about A.A., and was tremendously keen on the work he did helping other alcoholics. This work is a principal part of their cure. They say that when they help other alcoholics it helps them with their own battle. He never touched a drink, but always bought me one. One evening I took him back to see Joanna have her bath. After that I could not bear to separate them again.

To be quite honest, I found A.A. rather hard to accept at first. There was the galling feeling that where I had failed completely an utter stranger in A.A. had managed to give John the answer. I kicked, too, against the amount of time John gave, and still does give, to A.A. work. The phone would ring; it would be an A.A. in trouble; and whatever time of the day or night it was, off he would go. It is part of the A.A. philosophy to help others in the same boat you were once in yourself. An alcoholic knows all the answers, all the difficulties, far better than a doctor who has never had the same craving. For the pattern of drinking is very similar in everybody's fight with the bottle.

There Can Be A Happy Ending

I'm so grateful now that I want to help other wives. I hope perhaps some may read this story and know that other people had the same problem, that there can be a happy ending.

When John gets back with our daughter, when the lights go on down our London street, there's a routine we always follow. First we have to be lions roaring in the hall—because Joanna expects it since we took her to the Zoo. Then, when she's satisfied, John will say casually: "A drink, darling?" And he will mix me a cocktail with an expert's skill. We can't really afford it. Often I don't really want it. But mixing that superb martini does something for us both. It proves, every evening, that he can leave it alone. There aren't any skeletons in the cupboard in this flat. There's only the friendly ghost of one in the cistern—our token empty bottle, to remind us that we have it beaten.

THE END



The narrow grace-like tunnel was filled with a stench of dank earth and sour sweat. It was utterly black inside and I could feel sand everywhere sealing me in. I had to get out of it—and quickly, too.

Illustration by Zelinski

I go down the tunnel —and panic badly

"INGENIOUS" was how Oliver Philpot described the Wooden Horse escape plan which his two p.o.w. companions, Mike and Bill, had devised. So far it had certainly fooled the German guards of Stalag Luft III. It was a tunnel "job"—dug out in the open under the sentries' very noses, the tunnel entrance hidden by a wooden vaulting horse. While a group of p.o.w. volunteers vaulted innocently over the horse, Mike—or Bill—inside the horse, dug the tunnel. After each digging session the digger sealed up the tunnel entrance and was carried—with the excavated sandy soil—back inside the horse to the camp canteen. There Philpot dispersed the sand under the floorboards. . . . But now the Germans had discovered the hidden sand. They had only to connect it with the vaulting horse and the escape bid was over.

WE MOVED DISCONSOLATELY away from the canteen building, and left the ferrets to it. During the morning we expected to see the Trojan Horse carried out of the camp by the Germans. Instead, they pushed it back to its usual place in the passageway, and walked out of the compound. They left the bearer beams where they were.

"Well, what do you make of that?" I asked

Bill. "Pretty amazing luck, don't you think?"

"Amazing; where's Mike?"

We found Mike. We consulted. If we left the horse there and didn't take it out, it would be suspicious, wouldn't it? Ferrets coming and no horse-vaulting. If we did take it out, on an operation, they might be waiting merely to catch us at it. When you looked at the problem this way, the answer was obvious. Take the horse out on an innocent vaulting session—nobody inside. This we did. We vaulted, threw ourselves about, came in. "Seems all right," said Mike. Bill and I agreed.

Problem Of Hiding The Sand

But where were we going to put the sand? The handy barber's shop floor was now finished. The floorboards were strongly nailed in place, and the ferrets would be looking there and elsewhere in the building for the tunnel, which they now knew existed.

We looked about the canteen hut, and came to curse that we had ever chosen it. It was in two halves, separated by a sturdy brick wall. In our half was the music room, barber's shop and other odd little rooms used for the canteen—for such measly supplies of things as we could purchase, such as "hair-water." In the other half was the East Compound cookhouse with adjacent storerooms and a little office. The function of this was to provide the camp with hot water twice a day, and with Reich soup and potatoes at the lunch hour. This was the

domain of the cookhouse goon, who came there often during the day to check up on supplies and so forth. The p.o.w.s had their own cookhouse officer, Stafford, who helped with the work that went on there with a handful of British Army orderlies. Stafford could use the little office in the cookhouse half.

"If you could only get the sand into my half—into the cookhouse section—there's room under my office floor," said Stafford. "But how?" I asked. "We can't very well go through the partition, right into the cookhouse."

"No," agreed Stafford. "We can't make a service hatchway. The cookhouse goon would object."

"And," I continued, "we can't carry the stuff out by the Horse door and along the side of the building. There's no regular movement of kriegies there. It would be suspicious."

"What about water jugs from the music room out of the window, and then handed into the cookhouse window—on the camp side, opposite the wire?" Stafford suggested. He went on, thinking aloud, "No, that wouldn't do. That goon in the far-away box has field glasses as they all have—and uses them. He would spot jugs or sacks being passed out of the window."

"Well, if we can't go through, or round at the sides, it's under or over. We can't dig another tunnel to get rid of sand from the first tunnel—so we'll have to use the roof."

"Will the roof stand it?" asked Stafford.

"I think so, if I stay on the beams. I'll get the kitbags up the hatchway in the ceiling of the music room—then along the roof to your hatchway in the cookhouse half—and down to you."

"O.K., Ollie—we'll try it."

It was as well that a solution was found. Bill and Mike were tearing to get at their tunnel again. Sand dispersal? Surely sand could be got rid of somehow!

As the first escape session since the alarm came to its close, I walked, innocently, into the canteen after my vaulting. David was at his usual task of looking out of the window, and prepared to study music or play the piano

if an excuse were needed for his presence there. The coast was clear. Bridging the gap between two porcelain stoves with a broken bench I scrambled up to the ceiling hatch. But first I had to memorize the black threads which had been fixed across it by the ferrets from nail to nail, and then carefully remove them. Then up I went into the loft.

David whisked the bench away. The music room was now innocent again. I sat on a beam and accustomed my eyes to the darkness there. I waited. Bill's voice, then David's "All clear." Someone put the bench across the stoves. A scraping sound. Kitbags being dragged along the floor. Then someone handed one up to a man on the bench. Much grunting and cursing. At last it was near me. Being careful to avoid tumbling through the hatch I grabbed the cord and pulled. It was sheer lead—one hundred per cent lead. I pulled harder and, with shoves from below, up it came. I put it carefully on a beam, leaning against an upright. I pulled up the other. The bench disappeared. Bill, Mike and the helpers were nowhere to be seen. David alone remained, watching.

The job of heaving the bags along the roof space made me sweat like a pig. I had to take one bag at a time, and standing with one foot on one beam, and one on another, swing it across. I couldn't stand upright because there wasn't space. It had to land on a beam each time. After forty feet or so of this I arrived at Stafford's hatch. "Ready!"

"Right-ho—slowly." And I lowered the kitbag down to him and then scuffled back in the semi-darkness across the beams for the next.

Work For A Rainy Sunday

One Sunday afternoon it came on to rain. The horse did not go out in the rain. Instead we set to work making new sandbags. We had decided that kitbags were too heavy and cumbersome. What we needed was something smaller and easier to handle. Mike tossed me some cloth from under his mattress. It was a length of battledress trouser, from knee down. I got out my needle and thread, sewed up the bottom, then got some Red Cross string, doubled it, and sewed it under a neck flap. When full with sand, the weight would automatically pull the bag shut when it was held by the string.

We sewed our bags, ready to thrust them under our blankets if a ferret came. At any rate we were moving to more sensible containers, twelve small ones instead of two monsters. But where were we to put the sand? Murphy had apparently been stared at by a ferret as he tucked sand away under Stafford's office floor. The ferret had done nothing, which was odd; perhaps the shine of the evening light on the window glass prevented him seeing in, although Murphy thought he'd been spotted. Anyway, there wasn't much more space there to make it worth the risk.

Couldn't the sand stay in the roof? We had never liked this because we knew that from time to time the ferrets crawled about the roof with torches. We examined it again. Right down the roof loft—longitudinally—was a central alley, as it were, but the rest of the loft space was partitioned off by fibre-board stuff—double fibre-board with a space of three or four inches wide between each board. We prised these apart at the top—they were of dry, reedy material—and for some nights I poured bag after bag between these partitions. I had to be careful not to sit or kneel too heavily on the boards—space was cramped—otherwise I would go through, and I always had to be at least half on a beam. Each bag took an age to empty—I couldn't hold it at an angle much steeper than the horizontal because of the roof, and the fibre boards often burst and spewed forth sand, which had to be dealt with. It was arduous and dirty work; the reedy stuff in the loft was always in my nostrils and ears and, being light and flaky, stuck to my sweat. It was a slow process, and the total

space available for the sand was very limited.

Couldn't we just lay the sand out on the roof boards over in the far edges of the loft—where the roof came down and it was difficult for anyone other than a midget to crawl? I spread out German newspapers and did this, making a sort of flat beach of sand in the far corners near the walls of the hut. I covered it all over with old, broken partition boards and bits of the fluffy reed material of which they were made. As I did this, there were frequently most alarming screeches as the nails of the ceiling boards threatened to pull out and release the sand in a cascade on to the floor of the cookhouse, probably in front of a window through which a ferret would be looking.

This method came to an end—as a regular method—when Stafford told me that the cookhouse goon was worriedly muttering about the cookhouse ceiling drooping. Stafford, of course, informed him that it was all due to those busybodies of ferrets always climbing about the place. But the system had clearly had its day.

The Tunnel Carpenter

It wasn't a question of wanting another dispersal method; we *had* to have one—and quickly. Vaulters went on vaulting all the time; Bill and Mike went on digging. The Trojan Horse was getting to be almost as familiar a sight in the camp as a goon-box.

The cookhouse passageway floor boards had always been considered very difficult to remove; moreover, goons walked over them every day. But we had to try. The invaluable Mackenzie—illicit carpenter par excellence, and trap builder for all the best tunnels—was brought to the scene. After some work he made two or three boards removable and—most important—non-wobbly with nails that looked untampered with.

We resumed the dropping of twelve bags of sand a day down from the hatch into the cookhouse section, but now the sand went under the cookhouse passageway floor boards, where there was reasonable space. It wasn't an ideal method, but it worked.

Day followed day, and the horse operation continued. The loft of the canteen hut almost seemed like home now. I felt I knew every beam, plank and nail. The ferrets always prowled around the canteen building during the time when we were vaulting over the horse, and when I was

dispersing sand. One day I watched a ferret who had come into the music room and was advancing right up to the stoves underneath my open hatch in the ceiling. As I shrank back, hoping that I wouldn't sneeze or make a creaking noise, he stared straight up from a few feet away. He must have seen only blackness. He turned, after an agonizing second or two, and sauntered off. I relaxed in the hot, foetid atmosphere of the loft, sitting on a beam, waiting in the darkness and feeling a curious remoteness from the rest of the crowded camp.

I often heard the German radio, which the goons put on through a loudspeaker in the "parade" running alongside the canteen building. Normally I would hear the staccato news, "*Aus dem Führerhauptquartier das Oberkommando der Wehrmacht gibt bekannt*" (always this beginning)—news from the headquarters of the German forces—barked out. There would be the terror raid on this or that German city . . . many British bombers shot down . . . always that . . . some people and houses would have suffered, but there was no damage to factories or military installations. And over to the East the gallant German Grenadiers would have repelled hordes of Russian barbarians with bloody losses—to the Russians.

And in this scene of titanic struggle what was I doing? Perched on a beam in the roof of a hut in a Silesian forest—waiting to receive twelve bags of sand through a roof-hatch, to take them along the rafters in the darkness without snagging them against the innumerable nails, then to drop them down another hatch. An operation of war? Or a childish game? A serious project? Or the light-headedness which precedes madness? Who knew? Anyway, there would be the horse. Those grunting noises as the men came up the steps . . . the snagging of a bearer beam on the door . . . the curses . . . the "Down at the back" from Bill . . . the unmistakable sandy, scraping noise as the horse was put down . . . the rasping sound as the bearer beams were withdrawn through the three-plies . . . the renewed scraping noises as the horse was lifted for Mike to get out . . . then there would be David putting the bench across the stoves just below me . . . and here were the bags . . . quick now. . .

And when it was all over—"Better replace the threads," David would say. Yes, better stand on the bench and loop them back across the nails over the hatch. The ferrets would then look at them and think that no one had been up in the loft since they had. How long they would go on thinking this remained to be seen.

Enter The Third Man

"How would you like to come in on the horse scheme?" Bill asked me one evening. I looked around to see that we were not being overheard. "Me?" I replied.

"Yes. Mike also thinks it would be a good idea. You see, the digging is getting too much for two, and we need a third."

"Well, Bill, that's very nice of you. I think the answer is probably 'yes.'"

"Why probably?"

"There are one or two conditions. . . Firstly, it stays a three-man scheme, no more?"

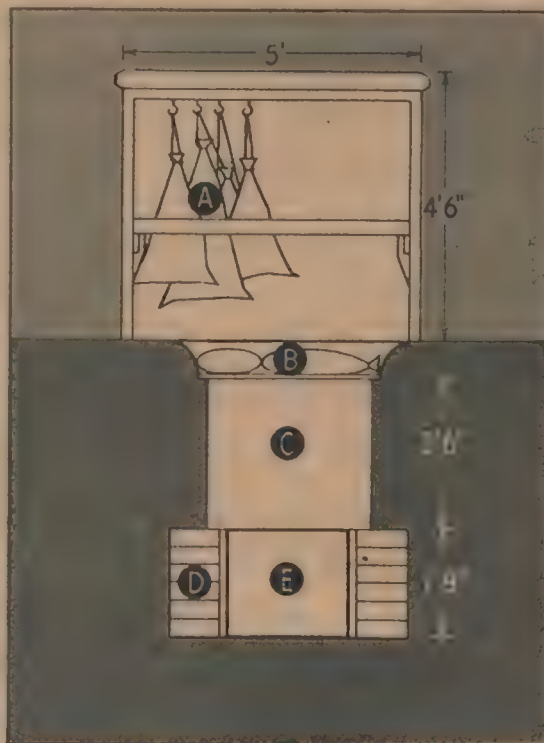
"Yes."

"You see, I don't think it can possibly be expanded. And the second thing is, no waiting for one another at the tunnel exit—in that shallow little ditch a few feet past the outside fence. It's hardly a ditch at all; I saw a kid playing in it and it was hardly up to the top of her shoe."

"We're not very keen on that now," Bill remarked. "But what was wrong with it?"

"I don't fancy squatting or lying there in the comparative open, still in the arc lamps, and yet close to the wire—with that thirty feet of open road still to cross to the woods."

"No, I see. Yes, it would want a bit of extra



Cross-section of Wooden Horse tunnel (sealed). (A) bags containing excavated sand; (B) anchor bags for stabilizing trap boards; (C) vertical shaft, sides 3-ply; (D) bricks supporting sides of the tunnel at entrance; (E) tunnel entrance



Philpot (right) explains on mock-up of the vaulting horse how he was carried to and from tunnel. The horse concealed the tunnel entrance and acted as a cloak for digging operations underneath

luck. No, I don't think we need wait for one another there. . . . No point really."

"Well, if those two things are absolutely clear, Bill, I'm on, and thanks very much."

"O.K. then."

"Shall I have a crack at digging tomorrow?"

"Yes, might as well. Mike's getting very tired—won't admit it, you know."

First Trip In The Horse

There had been schemes and schemes. It would have been far more promising to get on to a good big tunnel than this gimcrack affair, but if they wanted somebody and I wasn't "on" anything, why not? It couldn't do any harm. The cooler wouldn't kill me.

Bill and Mike were indeed very tired. On most schemes you had relays of diggers; as it was they did all the underground work themselves and were showing it.

They both coached me carefully, and next day found me in the canteen getting ready. I stood in shirt and shorts. "You're taking those off, aren't you?" asked Bill anxiously. "No—why should I? Tunnels are usually bloody damp."

"Oh, you'll knock it in, with clothes."

"Nonsense. This isn't the first one I've been in."

"No, we know," added Mike, "but you can't get 'the feel' of it with clothes."

"Oh, don't worry—I won't break it up." Tunnels were unpleasant enough without my getting damp into my bones.

The nearest ferret was fifty yards away and loitering. The horse was lifted up and I got in. It's not unlike flying, I thought; stick to the drill and you'll be O.K. A beam was shoved in. It waggled about inside, blindly. "Go on," said Mike's voice, "guide it through the other side"—which I did. Now what next? Yes, sit on the beam. I did. My feet, resting on the tiny ledges of slats at the bottom of the horse, kept slipping off. Hallo, here's the second beam. Guide that into its slot, too. Now we're almost ready.

"Got everything, Ollie? Ready?" It was Bill's voice.

"Yes, all set." I had my twelve empty bags, my little pink one for dispersal sand, my side cloths (for hanging across the beam apertures) and my bag hooks. If I had forgotten any-

thing it was too bad. There was an immense jerk and I held on tightly as we started to move. Suddenly we went down by the head, like those pictures of camels kneeling, and I realized we were going down the canteen steps which appeared underneath me. I nearly fell out. We would be under German observation now; we were outside the canteen on the open ground. The horse did a rather abrupt right-hand turn, and after a few short instructions—"Yes . . . that's it . . . just about here"—the animal was put down.

Now for the drill—quite a memory test. Yes, get off my beam quickly—it would be odd if the beams were left in for any length of time. I did. Both were slid out by unseen bearers. I knelt in the sand, and put all my equipment down. The first thing was to hang the little bits of sackcloth against the bearer pole slots, on tiny nails there. This would prevent, in Mike's case, a shiny naked body, in mine a shirted one, being seen moving within the horse if a ferret happened to be looking at a slot.

As I put the second bit of sackcloth in position there was a resounding crash. What the . . . ? The whole horse shook, creaked and trembled. It seemed about to collapse. "Now, Sid," shouted Bill. Crash again! Or course, it was only the vaulting. That's what the thing was for.

Opening Up The Tunnel

I next collected all the top surface sand which I put into the little pink pyjama bag and I stood it separately in a corner. I hung up the end of the blanket on some tiny nails in the inside of the horse, so that it formed a sort of awning draped down from one of the vertical ends. Following Mike's instructions I leant forward on my knees and, taking up the position of one applying artificial respiration, plunged my hands into the sand and wriggled my fingers. No result. Another try at a slightly different spot. Ah, this was it—a hardish lumpy object; one of the anchor sandbags. I heaped the loose sand above and surrounding the anchor bags on to the blanket, from which it could be tipped back later. Finally, I got out the three bags themselves; they were the size of well-grown marrows.

Next—this seemed to take an age; I wasn't even in the tunnel yet—I found some boards

forming the top of the trap in the sand underneath where the anchor bags had been. This was the bit Mike and Bill had warned me about. "Don't let the sides of sand fall in when you lift up the boards, and anyway take up only two of them—that's enough." I patted the sides of the sand around the rectangular hole I had dug. I tried not to put pressure on this sand, and thus bring a sandy wall, a foot or two high, tumbling down on the trap. The sand held—just.

I prised up the boards. There it was, the familiar smell of a tunnel. The dank, earthy stink. You get just a whiff of it in London on the old Waterloo-Bank railway, and in Liverpool at the Low-Level Central Station. Mixed with this odour was the smell of bodies—human bodies; and the sweat was old, sour. My dreams didn't yet include smells; when they did, this one would surely be a nightmare.

The usual tunnel stink was unappetizing enough, but the sight of the tunnel was uninviting in the extreme. It was midget-size in nearly everything. Could anyone call this little box sunk in the ground a dispersal chamber? If you sat in it with your knees up you just about fitted. Your head was then two or three feet below the level of the sand in the compound outside.

Horrible Black Aperture

I wanted to look all around, and experiment and fiddle with this and that. I discovered what I was doing. I was putting off going up that horrible little black aperture of the tunnel shaft. Something inside me was holding me back, wanting me to stay close to my friends, vaulting outside.

There was nothing for it. I turned and twisted like a dog settling down for the night in a deep, narrow basket, and managed to get my head up the tiny tunnel shaft. To my relief there was some shoring for a bit. The boards seemed to be so close as to be pressing on me like the sides of a coffin that is being crushed, instead of acting as protection. I moved on. The tips of my toes left the dispersal den—unwillingly. On a big tunnel I crawled on kneecaps and forearms and elbows; on a smaller tunnel, more in a "press-up" position, forearms drawn close to body and knees collapsed, legs extended. In the increasing gloom of this tunnel of Bill and Mike's, I found that I couldn't always squeeze along in the press-up position. I came to the bit where, after three or four feet, the shoring, to my horror, ended altogether. I could only squeeze along by putting one arm right out in front and flattening myself still more. The tunnel floor rose here somewhat, keeping straight but having the disadvantage of blanketing off the light from the den.

I squirmed on. It now became quite black. The tunnel never seemed to end. I paused and lay still for a second. Underneath was damp, loose sand. The walls seemed normally firm. I moved my face. My cheek glanced against a hanging root and as it swayed to my touch it brought down a trickle-trickle of sand. It sounded to me like an avalanche of rocks.

I went on. Suddenly I heard *tramp, tramp, tramp* getting louder and louder, and then a banging noise just above my head that soon faded away into the distance. It was the prisoners walking round the circuit. I was under our path, approaching the trip barrier now, and perhaps thirty feet from the horse. Surely I could not be far from the end? I thought of the air: at any rate it seemed all right, but there was nothing to do if it wasn't. There were no air holes, and no air line.

The tunnel floor now had a lot of loose sand on it—obviously I was reaching the end. Then in the darkness my knuckles touched Scottie's bricklayer's trowel, and with my other hand I felt ahead and there was the vertical wall—the sandy face of the tunnel.

I scraped away at the sand, and tried not

Continued on page 22

Genie of the H-Aerial

by JACK WINOCOUR

After bustling through a day's work at Alexandra Palace, television chief Norman Collins goes home to an equally important part of his job—watching the programme on the family set

AT FIRST GLANCE he might be an emanation of the cathode-ray tube itself. In a bird's-eye grey suit, silver-grey tie, greying hair parted near the centre, and glittering grey eyes, Norman Collins, the alert young man of forty-two who runs Britain's newest and fastest-expanding medium of mass entertainment, is an optical symphony in monochrome.

His clear, precise voice is calm and controlled when he talks about TV, but it holds an underlying, imaginative excitement; perhaps, too, a concealed sense of power. Collins knows that a million pairs of eyes now, and millions more to come, may look to him as supreme arbiter of what they may laugh, cry and wonder at.

He has grasped the central essence and novelty of TV. "Television," he says, "is the most powerful instrument for the projection of personality that has ever been known. Everyone in TV becomes a personality in his or her own right."

They don't have to appear before the TV cameras to achieve the distinction. Collins himself is a photogenic masterpiece. But there is another, more elusive, midnight Collins, who weaves dreams into money by way of novels read by hundreds of thousands. There is a new 300,000-word mammoth on the way to rival *London Belongs To Me*. Somewhere at the root of himself the two Collinses—the expert administrator-committeeman and the creator novelist—are one. If there is some internal battle raging between the public and the private self, Collins, who shines always with white-collared immaculateness, betrays no sign of it.

He plans superbly — with the accuracy of a military campaigner—a working-day of seventeen hours, to squeeze the last useful second out of it. In his early forties he has achieved the summit of two careers, practised simultaneously, as top-ranking B.B.C. executive and best-selling novelist with a solid output of ten books behind him. He has also managed to be the father of three children, a substantial career in itself by present-day austerity standards.

Story-telling In His Blood

Collins has found the road to success a direct, undeviating highway. Born at Beaconsfield, Bucks, in 1907, he is a near-Londoner who has made London his oyster. Strains of French and Welsh ancestry in him have played their part in making the essential Collins. His father was a portrait painter of Huguenot descent; his mother came from a family of Welsh farmers. Collins combines the precision of the visual artist and the story-telling gift of his Celtic grandfathers.

The itch to write came at the early age of eight, when he circulated his one-man *Imperial Magazine* to his schoolmates at the William Ellis School, Hampstead, at the cut-rate price of ha'penny a look. He was from the start a writer-publisher.

When he was fourteen, a strained heart kept him in bed for a few months. He spent them

indulging a voracious appetite for reading, cramming a university syllabus into a single term of enforced leisure. On leaving school he found a happy niche in the Oxford University Press. By twenty-one he was learning the craft of criticism and appreciation from the late Robert Lynd, literary editor of the *News Chronicle*. His first book was an essay in criticism, *The Facts of Fiction*. Then came his first novel, *Penang Appointment*, an experiment in imaginative travel: he had never visited Malaya.

Collins returned to publishing in 1934, when he joined Victor Gollancz, whose yellow-wrapped books were setting the public agog. He spent the next eight years as vice-chairman of the company, mastering the inner mysteries of the book trade and finding time to produce six novels at the rate of one a year. The public began to like them. J. B. Priestley was one of Collins's fans. It was he who, at the crest of his own popularity as a wartime broadcaster, suggested Collins to the B.B.C. to head the short-wave talks aimed at popularizing the British war effort in North America. That was in 1942.

He Started Dick Barton

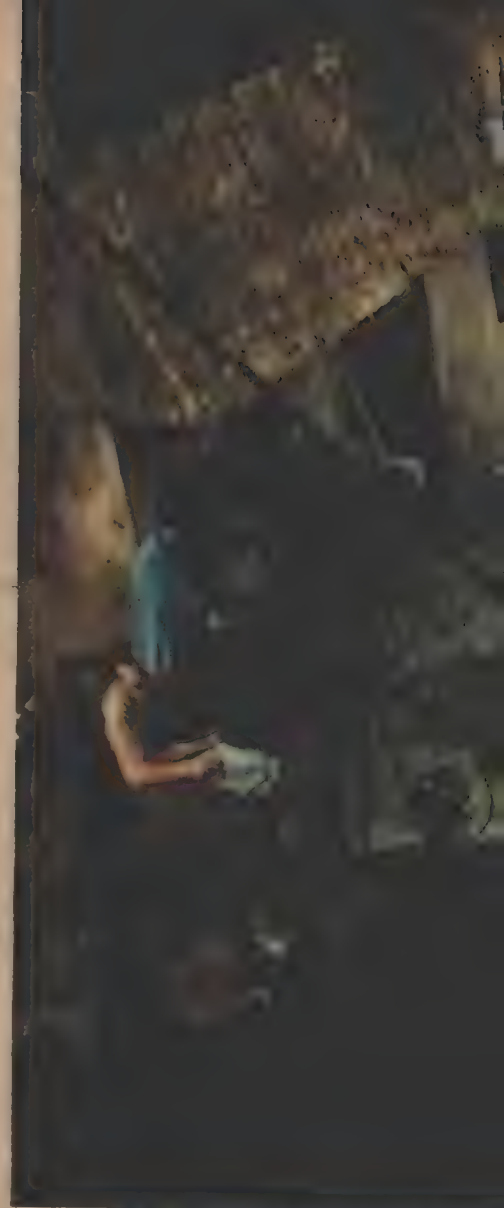
Collins took to his new career like a disciplined duck to water. The shifts were rapid and they were upwards. He took over the General Overseas Service, and then the Light Programme, which he enlivened with the adventures of Dick Barton and feminized with *Woman's Hour*. By December, 1947, he was translated to the driver's seat at Alexandra Palace. The road ahead is wide open for him.

The Collins day begins at 8.45 a.m., after the private preliminaries at his compact, modern family house in the Meadway, Hampstead Garden Suburb, when a black Dodge sedan (prewar) carries the Controller of Television to his G.H.Q. at Alexandra Palace, that ramshackle travesty of a pleasure-drome which has housed TV "temporarily" for thirteen years.

Norman Collins ascended the throne at Alexandra Palace in succession to Maurice Gorham, who has since kept up an incessant fire of criticism at TV's alleged subservience to the Big Boys of Broadcasting House. Some people believe that during his reign Gorham ran his head in vain against the ferro-concrete fastnesses of Langham Place. His successor has pursued a more suave and diplomatic course.

He is so economical with himself and his time that his day lacks the occasional relaxed and human moment with his colleagues. Still carrying on the less rigidly businesslike traditions of ex-chief Gorham, the Palace oldtimers persist in calling Collins by his first name when they rarely—visit him in his office. He doesn't seem to notice and, in reply, invariably refers to them by their surnames preceded by a formal "Mister."

From his comfortably carpeted and panelled eyrie of an office on the third floor of the converted tower of Alexandra Palace, Collins can



Pupils of Cone Ripman School in a junior hall

look up from his morning mail and survey his rapidly growing domain. New crops of H-shaped aerials sprout daily on London rooftops. By the end of last October 188,350 law-abiding viewers had paid £2 a set for their licence to scan some twenty-five hours of TV transmission each week. That was an increase of 17,000 in one month, and of 77,000 since the beginning of the year, and the figure does not include the unnumbered pirates of the air who have so far evaded detection by P.O. patrol vans.

Now, after a few months' operation by the Midlands transmitter, to which Alexandra Palace telecasts are piped by coaxial cable or flashed by a relay chain of beacons, the number of licences should be close on 300,000. Two thirds of the nation will still be out of range. The north must wait two years or more for its own transmitter on the moor above Huddersfield. That for Scotland is even farther away.

Collins is realist enough to know that in Britain today, where new machines go for export or are held up by production bottlenecks, TV is still the art of the possible, but he cannot conceal his fastidious distaste at the inadequacy of his present quarters in this remote and inaccessible corner of London.

Ramshackle Headquarters

Alexandra Palace, a wilderness of dirty-brown and red brick, relieved by pinnacles of cracked conservatory glass, greets his eye each day like some forlorn and abandoned railway terminus on the road to nowhere. Leaking roofs, bupuddled floors, draughty studios and cramped workshops and canteens, peopled by eager and intense back-room boys and girls, lend emphasis to the unending struggle of enthusiasm with frustration, which is the current mood of British TV. Every one of the 600 pioneers at Alexandra Palace is an enthusiast. If they were not enthusiasts the primitive



John Bull photographs by Arthur White



let. Collins wants a daily TV Children's Hour: till then he puts on twice-weekly shows . . .

. . . but for Roderick and Cordelia, only Muffin the Mule

conditions about them would be unendurable.

From his office Collins descends to Broadcasting House for conferences with a variety of people, who may range from B.B.C. Director-General Sir William Haley to Jack Solomons, the boxing impresario. He will discuss a knotty problem of transmission with Sir Noel Ashbridge, Director of Technical Services; or Air Chief Marshal Sir Norman Bottomley, Director of Administration, may have some bone to pick with him, because, in the vast overlapping jungle which is the B.B.C., wires are easily crossed.

A Battle On Many Fronts

His daily journeys to headquarters are unavoidable, but are jealously viewed by some of the TV veterans, who wish they had a freer hand. But they sadly admit that the money comes from Langham Place, and that Collins is wise to keep closely in touch with B.B.C. financiers who regulate the flow of £1,000,000 a year which keeps TV going.

TV is a battle on many fronts, as Collins has discovered in the past two years. There are not only the intricacies of relations with the giant parent octopus of Langham Place to unravel, but also a daily tangle of negotiations with little or larger vested interests here and there without the co-operation of which TV cannot move forward.

The Controller of Television has been engaged in a lengthy series of talks with Equity, the Musicians' Union, and the Variety Artists' Federation about contracts, performing rights, and the like. Some of the professional bodies which represent the interests of performers regard the new medium somewhat cagily. And TV's access to football, boxing and other sports has been a heatedly controversial topic.

More often than not, Collins finds that he has only time for a hurried bite, preceded by a glass

of dry sherry at his favourite Reform Club in Pall Mall, before he is back on the road again, dictating busily, for an afternoon session in his studio office. There he remains till well past six, the slave of his domineering minute-by-minute timetable. Collins's staff is for ever conscious that any contact it has with the chief must be precise and machine-like. "You ask for an interview with him," one of his producers said. "You talk about what you want to talk about. Then you withdraw from the presence."

A great deal of his success as an administrator lies in the systematic delegation of responsibility. His chief aide, Cecil McGivern, head of programme planning, has a free hand in execution after policy decisions have been made. Collins's main fight for TV is on the outside. On this front, J. Arthur Rank's difficulties have proved Collins's opportunity: last month the new studios at Lime Grove, Shepherd's Bush, which Rank recently disposed of to the B.B.C., went into operation. The transition will be slow, because Collins wants to avoid congestion in the use of studio space as it is made available. But he is aiming to put on a daily children's hour soon, which he believes will consolidate the place of TV in the home: at present there are children's shows twice weekly.

Back Home—To More TV

After the day's work in the office is done, Collins rides to Hampstead for dinner. The three Collins children, Anthea, fourteen, Cordelia, four, and Roderick, two, make their nightly demand on daddy's timetable. But not for them is the evening TV show. They must be content with Muffin the Mule on Sundays, except for an occasional weekend play which Anthea is allowed to view. For Collins himself, though, viewing the evening programme is perhaps the most important part of his day's work. He sits by the receiver

with a scratch-pad open on his knee, and dashes off his criticisms and comments, which find their way next morning through his memorandum tray to McGivern, who takes appropriate action.

After the beam dies away comes the invariable ritual of a game of chess with his wife, Sarah, to "clear away the cobwebs." Around 11 p.m., the midnight novelist takes over, and a few pages of manuscript are added to the growing pile which in a year or so will be another best-seller. By 1 a.m. he is asleep according to timetable.

Collins's views about the future of TV are, like himself, clean-cut and definite. As a family man, he sees in it an indispensable adjunct to the home, enriching and civilizing it. He has little sympathy with undisciplined viewers who let the programmes run riot through the household day, disrupting the children's routine, exercising a tyranny over conversation, and banishing polite society from the home.

"We can't look at everything," he cautions, "any more than we can go to see every film and play. If we did, we should have indigestion. We have to learn to select."

Under his benevolent, family-man régime there will be no violent experiments in TV. He believes that it must reflect rather than foreshadow the artistic life of the nation. While he admires the speedy technical advance of TV in America, where 100 stations are now operating, he is quite sure that British TV, in spite of all its handicaps, still leads the world. He heartily dislikes the public saloon shows, which are now inescapable in American cities.

A New York TV magnate displayed all his wonders to him during a recent visit, and concluded patronizingly, "I don't suppose you've got anything like this over in England?"

"No," replied Norman Collins with modest ambiguity.

THE END



Pretty police girls in smart uniforms direct Leipzig traffic. They also help the overture to the West

Herr Hilbig asks the way

by DAVID SCOTT

As a Ruhr business man, he knows he should sell to his old friends in East Germany. But trade channels are blocked. Where does he go now?

THE LAST TYPE of person I expected to find in the Russian Zone of Germany was someone like young Willi Kramer. His massive black-framed spectacles, flashy bow tie, and silk shirt under a tailored sports jacket contrasted strangely with our surroundings. He had invited himself to my table in a crowded beer-hall on my first evening in Leipzig, eager to talk to a Westerner. "I study music," he told me in fluent English. "Be-bop, you know."

Willi's Americanism against the background of German drinking songs was only one of the many contradictions I was to find during my visit to the Leipzig Fair. His dislike of the Russians and the policy of the East German leaders made him highly pro-Western. But one side of that policy faces West, and it was being stressed all around him. This was an overture to Western Germany backed by a demonstration of the industrial progress Eastern Germany has made independently of the West.

The unity of Germany is unacceptable to Britain except on Western

terms. But normal inter-German trade would reduce the growing threat of West German competition and "dumping" which Britain now fears. The Fair showed the desire for increased trade and it was the East that was taking the lead.

I have been to many cities in Western Germany, and somehow expected Leipzig to be the same: dozens of young men in old Wehrmacht uniforms outside the railway station, all eager to carry your bag; the main streets lined with hundreds of little shops on the ground floors of the jagged shells of bombed-out buildings, their windows crammed with bananas and grapes, fine leather goods or whisky. I remembered the stern-looking gentlemen of Cologne, hurrying along with their inevitable dispatch cases, the sallow ten-year-old boys selling matches at the Munich tram stops, and the Frankfurt news-stands overflowing with magazines with pin-up covers.

Leipzig, however, gave quite another impression. What first caught my eye upon arriving were huge portraits of the East German leaders mounted high along the front of the massive station. A group of

blue-shirted youngsters was marching through the streets, singing and carrying banners bearing the letters "F.D.J.," the initials of the German youth organization. Young and pretty police girls, their curls touching the collars of their smart uniforms, were at every crossroads. While dodging rattling trams, they directed traffic and guided the throngs across the streets.

Although most of the visitors came from Leipzig or nearby towns, it was the West German spectators and exhibitors who seemed most attentive and impressed. The day after the Fair opened I saw Herr Hilbig, an engineer from Essen. He was representing a manufacturer of industrial furnaces in the Ruhr. We had travelled on the same train to Leipzig, and I remembered him because of his belief that he could tell jokes in English.

When I looked in to see him at his stand he was in a more serious mood. Perhaps the roar of a fifty-ton winding drum which was being demonstrated only a few yards away by an East German firm had brought him to this state of mind.

Many Inquiries. No Orders

How was he getting on, I wanted to know. "I have had many inquiries, but no orders," was his reply. "They make it very difficult for us with restrictions on exports to the East." Who "they" were was clear, judging by the respectful tone he used with someone from the West. "My job is to sell these," he went on, pointing to a model of his company's coke oven. "In the West we must compete with Britain and France, and on top of that, the demand there is small. This is where they are wanted."

Many West Germans must have thought the same as Herr Hilbig, for 760 firms from the western zones were exhibiting at Leipzig. This was nearly twice the number that came to the 1949 Spring Fair. Twice a year—for the Spring and Autumn Fairs—the gates to the "forbidden" half of Germany are flung open. The

Westerner is given every encouragement to come, and it was easy to get in. All that was needed was a Fair Identity Card; mine was issued by the Board of Trade in London. Commercial organizations in other countries and in Western Germany also distributed them. No entry visa was required.

It was after midnight when my train reached Marienborn, frontier station on the eastern side. The plump blonde on the wooden bench opposite mine grew quiet. She had been chattering at her restless little boy ever since they got on at Dortmund, seven hours before. When three blue-uniformed German guards entered our carriage she leaned across to me and whispered: "You have heard how things are here. The Russians, you know. It's difficult to get in, except when one goes to the Fair," and she winked knowingly. "We're going to visit my sister in Dresden."

All The World Looked In

While 25,000 West Germans came in this way, thousands of buyers from all over the world arrived by air or by road in private cars. Their destination, in most cases, was the Samples Fair—fourteen specially designed buildings in the heart of the city. Here the booths and counters were filled with the traditional products: brightly coloured glass balls for Christmas decorations, wooden toys, Contax cameras from the factories of Carl Zeiss. . . . French, English and Italian voices rose above the crowds around these stalls.

By the end of the Fair, contracts had been signed with firms from thirty-three different countries. Most of these were Western ones, although four-fifths of Eastern Germany's business is with Russia and Eastern Europe.

Eastern Germany has had to turn east to get the raw materials to keep its factories going. This change-over has not been easy, and shortages of steel and coal have retarded recovery. Severed from its natural sources of supply in the West, Eastern Germany has faced many obstacles. But the Leipzig Fair showed that they are not insurmountable, and production is rising.

The West Runs Into Debt

Yet the difficulties for Western Germany are more deeply rooted. Although there is a prosperous look in its shop windows, Western Germany is heavily in debt. Herr Hilbig from Essen was concerned about this.

"Before the war," he said, "one-half of everything Western Germany produced came here—to the East. Fifteen per cent of our exports went to Eastern Europe. Now we send practically nothing this way. Like Britain, we must export to live. But where can we sell the machines we are making? England doesn't want us in her markets in Belgium, Switzerland and South America. What are we to do?"

In capsule form, Hilbig had outlined one of the most serious economic problems arising from a divided Germany. Western Germany needs markets. It must close its trade gap, which was more than £400,000,000 last year. The docks of Hamburg are idle as a result, and over 2,000,000 are out of work. The West German business man is tempted with economic survival by the East, and with an honoured place in the struggle against Communism by the West. Which way he will move is difficult to predict. THE END



She was auburn and vivacious, full of the gay spirit of the moment. He winked, and she smiled. He thought about her all the way up the road

Present for an unknown woman

Oh, the pleasure of her pleasure! Imagining it, he braced himself.

Maybe this would bring him her love by REGINALD FREESON

HIS EYES WINCED as the light clicked on. Pushing dark hair from his face, he raised himself on his elbow to face her. "You've been to my cupboard again," Mrs. Jacon cried. "You little wretch! What d'you mean by it?"

He knew what was coming next and swallowed, fear gripping his throat. He flinched from the slap on the head, as the hard words came tumbling, hateful and stinging: "Look at this pipe. You broke it! What good is it to anyone now? You ungrateful good-for-nothing! You needn't tell any of your lies, now. Get to sleep! I'll see you in the morning."

Sobs broke into his pillow the moment she had gone. He'd done it, but only while getting at the books in the cupboard. He would have told her straight away, but couldn't speak to her. She stopped him with fear. What a way to start a holiday, he sighed.

He was awake early the next morning, hearing Mr. Jacon's voice from the big bedroom across the passage. "I don't suppose he meant to do it. It was an accident—"

"Then why didn't he say he was sorry," replied his wife, "instead of making it look as if it wasn't broken? Trust you to defend him." A pause. "It's your fault in the first place.

What d'you want to keep a meerschaum pipe for all these years? You never use it. Leaving it on the shelf to collect dirt! Better get to work before I lose my patience."

The boy was half dressed when she called him to get up, and in a few minutes the collie, Gypsy, was padding round him in the kitchen. "Well, ol' man," he whispered. "Is she in a good mood yet?"

"Leave that dog alone and get on with your breakfast," the woman snapped from the scullery.

"Why does she always have to shout?" he asked the dog, and tried not to bang his spoon on the bottom of his plate. "When's it coming?" he wondered. Mrs. Jacon sat down in the small leather rocking chair she always kept by the fireplace. She was able to watch and speak to him from behind. With hands turning to middle-aged shapelessness resting on her lap, she started. "We took you in when you would have had no home and gone to an institution. The least you can do is have respect. You've no business creeping into cupboards without asking, breaking valuable things and not saying a word. Did you think you could

get away with making everything look as if you hadn't touched it?"

"No," he whispered.

"Well, what then?" Her voice rose a little to a tone of moral astonishment. "Fancy making a thing look as if it weren't broken." Silence. The taste had gone out of his bread and his tea was cold. Her voice broke in again: "You look innocent enough. Such a quiet one; but sly? I'll say you are."

Bright yellows, reds and blues blurred at him from the table near the front door. He blinked them into focus as he took the lead from the hook on the wall.

Her birthday, he thought, as he opened the door and followed the dog out into the sunshine. Mrs. Jacon's birthday.

Pushing his face into the sweet-smelling honeysuckle climbing around the front window, he wondered why she wasn't like other women, nice women who smiled at him and his dog in the park at the bottom of the road. The honeysuckle was about the only thing she allowed to grow as it wanted. "If she could stop you marking the front path with your paws, she would. D'you know that, Gyp?"

The fear that she might get rid of the dog hurt him for an instant. "Come on"—he tried

to forget it—"I'll race you, boy!" Round the curve of the road into sight of the park—and here his heart gulped into his mouth. There was the little woman from next door but one returning from shopping, and Gypsy going straight for her. The boy dropped into a walk, slowing his steps ready to turn and run. But the dog bounded swiftly by the woman, and he smiled. He grasped the handle of her basket as she passed him. "May I help you, please?" She smiled back in pleased surprise as she let go the handle.

The thought of Mrs. Jacon came to him. "You'd help strangers, but never think of me! You've no business talking with neighbours—a lot of gossips!" But it was a real pleasure to do a favour and be answered with a smile. At her gate the woman stopped to take the basket. Her face lit up gratefully. "Thank you, laddie. That was good of you."

The paintwork on the house was peeling, but it looked cheerful to live in. He smiled back at her. On an impulse he asked, "What d'you think'd be a good present for—for a lady?" He faltered. Would she mind him asking? "It's my—my aunt's birthday."

"Dear, dear. On the thirteenth, too. That's unlucky, isn't it? She'd need something special for the thirteenth. A scarf, perhaps. A scarf would be nice." She turned down the path. "Why don't you ask her?"

He only half heard. Of course, that was why things always went wrong. He was thirteen. It was his unlucky year. He warmed under her grateful smile and quickened his pace back to Mrs. Jacon's. A surprise! That was it. He went round the side entrance and down to the bottom of the garden, playing the stick games which dogs like.

Mrs. Jacon stepped out of the side door ready for shopping. "I'll be back in twenty minutes, in case anyone comes," she called. "Behave yourself, now."

This time he'd be especially careful, he thought, making his way up the garden. . . . Through the kitchen and into the deserted spotlessness of the living-room. There was the cupboard. He'd have to be quick. She was a brisk walker, and he wouldn't put it past her to try to catch him out. But she'd never think he would go over the cupboard again so soon.

It was locked. Panicky temper rose in him. He couldn't get at his own books and things. It was his money box in there, not hers. But he'd have to be quick. Quick! Look round the room quickly, but don't touch anything; don't touch! The key was in a bowl on the mantelpiece. As he opened the cupboard the broken pipe faced him. He mustn't touch a thing. Arm level above everything and drop your hand on top of the money box. Hurry! She may come back. But careful. You don't want her to see anything's been touched. A bead of sweat trickled slowly, then quickly, down the middle of his back, as he struggled to shake the savings out. He felt his vest and the top half of his trousers sticking to him. At last. Two and nine. Thruppence back. Then it'll shake so's she won't notice. . . .

As soon as Mrs. Jacon was back, he was off down the road with Gypsy. A warmth was in him from the holidays, the sun and his helping hand to the woman next door but one. And now a cheerful, auburn-haired girl turned the corner; the vivacious twelve-year-old from farther up the road. He winked at her and next moment was laughing inside at this new thing in him. She smiled as she passed and he liked her. There was a gay spirit of the moment in her movements. He thought about her all the way to the high road.

The ladies' shop in the high road was unknown territory after the grocery shops and crowded stores he was used to. He hung about outside overawed by the newness of everything in the highly polished shop front. He strolled slowly back round the corner and Gypsy, thinking of

home, bounded up the road. There was the girl talking to a friend. "Gypsy!" she called, but her eyes were flashing at him. The sunshine was in him again.

From across the park the church clock struck noon. This was no good. He'd never get anywhere if he didn't go in and buy something. With a backward glance at the girl dancing about with Gypsy, he turned to the shop. As he stepped into a kingdom of scents, silks, soft lights and silent carpeting, he seemed to melt inside himself. Conscious of his dusty shoes on the carpet, he approached one of the counters, the only customer in the shop.

"Yes, what can I do for you?" A quiet voice spoke from amid the silks and laces.

"Please, I'd like to see a present for a lady. A lady's scarf, I think." There were several on



a counter stand in front of him; so clean and colourful, he didn't know which one to choose. "Here's a pretty one," the girl said, spreading out a light pattern of green and gold. "For your mother, I suppose? That would be lovely."

"She's sure to like that, isn't she?" he said, enjoying the mistake. In his mind he was already giving it to Mrs. Jacon. He felt her bend over and kiss him her thanks. It was almost real.

"It will be eighteen and six," said the shopgirl. "Oh . . . !"

"How much have you got?" she asked gently. "I can help you to choose if I know."

Another time he would have backed out of the shop blushing, but with today's strange new warmth he stammered, "T-two and six."

Moving behind another counter, she picked up several various-coloured sprays of artificial flowers. "Sixpence each, and an extra one for luck. Will that do, young man?" she asked with a laugh.

The scarf was forgotten in this moment of unexpected success. "Lovely. They'll do." The girl gave him a card to write on while she sorted out a box, sprayed out the flowers and put them in tissue paper. "Place the card on top. Now the lid and string. . . ."

The front door was open to let summer through the house. The boy went in, hiding the box.

A quick meal, all the time glancing at Mrs. Jacon. He noticed there was no grey at the parting of her hair. The hairdresser yesterday, he thought; better to leave it grey like the woman next door but one. But he said quietly, "Your hair looks nice, Auntie." It took several efforts to get the words out of his throat. But her closed lips smiled. She said, "Finish your sweet, now," and began to clear the crockery into the scullery, humming almost noiselessly.

He took his plate out and made his way quietly to the hall. "Where are you?" Mrs. Jacon called. "Come and dry up for me. A

birthday treat." He often dried up and he knew it was her birthday, his pursed lips said to her back as he took the dish cloth. "Now go on out in the garden," she said when he had finished, "and give me a few minutes' rest."

He washed his hands, went back to the hall for the box and wandered out. He stood for a while outside the open door wondering whether to disturb her. The woman's footsteps sounded across the kitchen, into the hall and rooms beyond and back again. After all, this was a present-giving, he thought, a pleasure, a birthday treat for her—and he stepped inside, his face flushed and his heart thumping so that he could hardly speak.

"Mrs. Jacon." She turned in her chair with the smoothness of linen against worn leather. And as she turned she raised her hand from the pocket of her small flowered housecoat, holding the key. The key! He'd left it in the cupboard door.

Quick! Before she could say anything, he blurted, "I've bought you a present." His tongue dried and clung in his throat so that only a shallow slide of his voice came through. "For your birthday." The purposeful look dropped slowly from her face. "Why. . . ."

Fumbling the key back into her pocket, she reached out slowly for the long white box, all the time looking with faint query at the boy. He averted his gaze to the box as she took it from him and began to untie the string. "You shouldn't have," from beneath bent head. "Shouldn't have."

As the lid came off and the tissue paper rustled, he asked breathlessly, anxiously, "You do like flowers, don't you, Mrs. Jacon?" A happy smile spread over his face as he saw her cheeks crease upward. Oh, the pleasure of her pleasure! Unusual laughter lines crinkled the sides of his eyes. She was fingering the flowers—delicately, he thought. She looked up, her thin lips parted in a smile—an amused smile. "Thank you." She bit her lower lip. Artificial flowers—with a whole garden full of real ones! She picked up the card, looking hard at it. "Many happy returns to Mrs. Jacon on her birthday," she read aloud. "Why don't you call me Auntie? How many times must I tell you to call me Auntie? Always."

The boy looked down at his feet, the joy gone out of him. She was laughing at his gift. And why? Because she *wanted* to be offended.

"Well, never mind, now," the woman said briskly, rising from the chair. "Go on out while I find somewhere to put these." His eyes caught hers and to cover up a slight flicker of shame she repeated firmly, "And always call me Auntie. Always. Remember that."

MODILY, he sat down with Gypsy on the veranda steps below the lounge, while from beyond the window Mrs. Jacon's voice droned on in one of her one-sided conversations with her husband. "There's no need to tell me he was only trying to please." A pause. "But fancy buying things like this. What'd he want to waste his money on them for? He knows I never use things like that. He's more money than sense! And look at the card. He didn't even call me Auntie, after all the times I've told him. He'd no business going to the cupboard in the first place. And not an hour after I'd warned him about it. Well? When are you going upstairs to get washed? I haven't got all day to stand about. Better put these on his bed when you go up." More quietly, "He'll probably make better use of them than I can. The silly boy."

Humiliation welled up hotly behind the boy's eyes as he got up and ran into the garden. Hate, hate, hate! He stood with black anger clouding his dark eyes until he heard laughter coming across the trees and flowers, and glimpsed an auburn head. Then he knew what to do. There might be hate and anger. There might also be love and laughter.

THE END

Britain's baseball champions

by NORMAN PHILLIPS

It looks as if the summer sport in which both players and fans let off steam is here to stay, thanks to teams like the Red Sox

ONE SUNDAY AFTERNOON last summer, Mrs. Mary Naylor was watching the Hornsey Red Sox winning one of the games which led them to the British baseball championship. A ball went wide of the mark and struck her on the face. First Aid men picked up Mrs. Naylor and took her to hospital. After the game, the Red Sox manager, Doug Cowling, tried to trace the victim of the accident. He eventually found the address, but Mrs. Naylor was not at home. Cowling sent flowers and the team's wishes for a quick recovery.

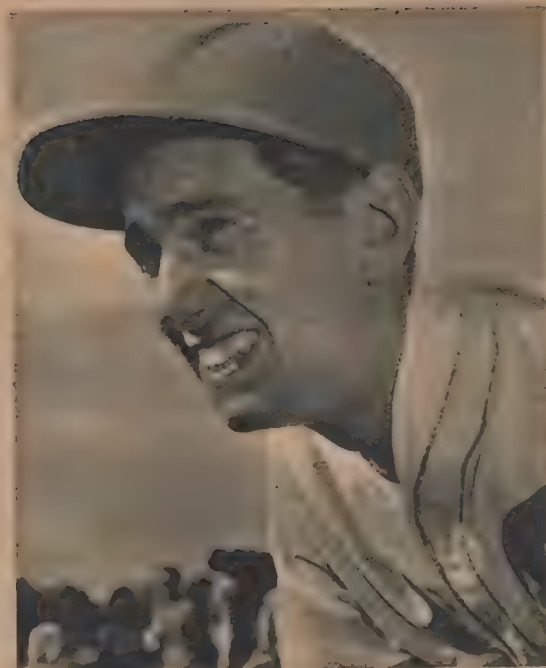
"We never expected to see her again," Cowling says. "But next Sunday there was Mrs. Naylor on the sidelines with a patch over one eye. And she'd brought her husband and three children with her. They've scarcely missed a game since."

Cowling admits that this is an extreme case of a fan being smitten by baseball. However, he does claim that once the average Briton finds out what

baseball is like, there's no limit to his interest in the game. The statistics support his view. Last season, about one hundred clubs with 2,500 players were active. This year, the figures have increased by one-third. The Red Sox, for example, have the equipment to put two senior and two boys' teams in the field where a year ago they had only one team.

"Baseball fever is catching on in Britain," Cowling claims. A five foot ten and a half inch bundle of energy, he is known by the nickname of "Gabby." Whenever baseball is mentioned, Cowling's blue eyes light up and his slim nine and a half stone frame almost leaps at the chance to talk about it.

"Let's just forget for a minute that baseball comes from America," Cowling usually begins. "Now what other summer game is there that offers the same combination of teamwork, speed, competition and excitement? There are no drawn



Doug Cowling: his bride won't call it rounders

games because every game is played to a finish. Everyone gets several chances to bat and there are all sorts of opportunities to let off steam."

Letting off steam is a course open both to players and onlookers. The well-informed baseball fan becomes an uninhibited person who does not hesitate to shout advice and encouragement to his favourite team or cast aspersions on the tactics and abilities of the opponents.

An all-male organization, the Red Sox get their recruits from youngsters who have been attracted by the rifle crack of a thirty-three to thirty-six inch tapered ash bat on a white horsehide-covered ball, approximately the same size and weight as used in cricket. The report of the ball on bat and the thud of ball on padded horsehide gloves emanates regularly from the Red Sox diamond, or playing field, in Hornsey, North London. The team has new grounds this year. "We were at the bottom of the league," Cowling explains, "and we were pestering the council for a proper playing field. Finally the mayor said we'd get the grounds—if we won the national championship." The Red Sox proceeded to do just that. At White City last August they beat the Liverpool Cubs and became Britain's No. 1 baseball team. A surprised Hornsey council kept its word.

Pitcher Plays On A Mound

The diamond on which baseball is played is actually a square with ninety-foot sides. In the centre of this is the pitcher's box, which is not a box at all but a slightly raised mound exactly sixty feet six inches from home plate, the corner of the square where the batter stands. Running anti-clockwise from the home plate, the other corners represent first, second and third bases.

"The first thing English people must get used to," Cowling explains, "is that the score is not made up of the number of hits. The scoring is based on runs, which are made when a player has safely negotiated all three bases and returned to home plate." There are nine men in a team and they go to bat one after another. An innings is over when three are put out. The game is played in nine innings and each player, unless replaced, gets three times at bat.

The pitcher aims his delivery to cross the seventeen inch wide home plate not higher than the batter's shoulders nor lower than his knees. Whether the batter swings or not, a pitch over the plate at the proper height is a "strike." Any delivery at which the batter does swing is also a "strike." Three strikes and the batter is out. Any pitch that is too high or too low, or wide of the plate is a "ball." Four balls allow the batter to walk to first base.

The batter's ambition is to hit the ball hard and far enough to give him time to circle the



Red Sox catcher Curly Martlew in action against the Paragons. There are no drawn matches

three bases and get back to home plate scoring a run. This seldom happens. The least the batter hopes to achieve is to hit well enough to run to first base before the ball is thrown back to the first baseman.

Once on first base, the batter becomes the runner and he can advance as soon as the pitcher's next delivery has crossed home plate. But the runner can be put out by being touched by the ball between bases. Base running can be as important as hitting and beginners have to learn how to slide into the base so as to avoid being tagged by the ball in the hands of the basemen. Sliding also helps to explain the knickerbocker style of trousers worn and the sliding pads under them to prevent injury.

Uniforms are usually white or grey drill worn over heavy underclothing to keep players warm. The uniform material is manufactured in this country for export to the United States and one of baseball's strongholds is at Chipping Norton, where this cloth is made.

It costs about £150 to equip a team, Cowling estimates. Most of the equipment is being manufactured in England and prices are actually coming down. "That's because more people are playing ball," Cowling says, "and we are getting the advantages of mass production." The baseball itself costs anything from nine to fifteen shillings and a club will use as many as a hundred a year.

THE HUMAN MACHINE by ROFFE THOMPSON

Any nests in your hair?

I DOUBT if any courage is greater than that which keeps ordinary people plugging away at the everyday business of living.

There are few who don't find it hard, few who don't have their moments of despondency when they feel like giving up. But somehow they pull themselves together and uncomplainingly carry on.

Suggestions for preventing the problems of life "getting you down" are as plentiful as the problems themselves. I think the Chinese came very near the true solution. They have an ancient proverb which says: "You cannot prevent the birds of sadness from flying over your head, but can prevent them from building nests in your hair!"

The Red Sox enjoy an affiliation with the Boston, Massachusetts, club of the same name—which usually yields an annual gift of prized American balls.

"We used to be known as the Hornsey Rats," Cowling recalls. "There was nothing personal about it. The name came from Rat Moor, where we used to play. We became the Red Sox when we found we had more hose of that than any other colour." The association of names is also followed at Enfield, where

the Cardinals are affiliated with the St. Louis, Missouri, team with the same nickname. Wembley Pirates get their title from a Pittsburgh club and the Liverpool Cubs enjoy friendly relations with their Chicago namesake.

The history of the Hornsey team goes back only as far as 1936 but it does reflect the progress of baseball since then. The Hornsey group consisted of fourteen- or fifteen-year-olds who learned about baseball during the 1936 season

when professional baseball first came to England.

Professional baseball did not catch on. There had been some hope that the game would offer a pastime in summer suitable for the organization of pools competitions. Although the professional experiment was abandoned after one season, Cowling and some of his friends in Hornsey had been bitten by the baseball bug. They started to play among themselves when their total stock of equipment was one ball and one bat.

Reorganized after the war, the Red Sox improved and attracted more supporters until last season they reached the championship.

Now technical adviser to the Red Sox, Cowling predicts that baseball is here to stay. The national organization has the country divided into areas—Southeast, Midland, Northeast and Northwest. Each area has a director of baseball. Film programmes are being arranged to show World Series standards of play and also to introduce the most advanced American training methods.

Cowling's first major event this season, however, will not be on the baseball diamond. He is marrying blonde Joan Gamble, one of the pillars of the Red Sox supporters club. At least, his bride-to-be will not confuse her husband's favourite sport with the game of rounders.

THE END

STOLEN JOURNEY

Continued from page 15

to think too much. I got a quantity which, as it lay on the floor, I could encircle with my right arm, and started to pull it backwards. There was no room to turn round, so I had to squirm back feet first. I moved a very short distance and stopped. I seemed to be losing a lot of my sand, but there was still enough of it to make me feel buried. I felt as you do in bed if someone playfully pushes a blanket over your face.

There were no more walkers above me just then, no sign of friendly life—just this quiet, damp, sandy sepulchre. It suddenly became important to me to raise my head, to try to look past the mass of sand which I was clutching to my chest, and to endeavour to see back past my feet the light of the dispersal chamber. I could see nothing, it was utterly black.

I stopped trying to get signs to renew my confidence. I dragged the sand back and arrived sweating in the den. The indifferent light coming through into the vertical shaft from the cracks and crevices of the horse seemed almost dazzling... and the men were there, cheerfully vaulting.

"O.K. down there?" said Bill.

"Yes, O.K.," I said, getting a tinge of conscience and starting to fill a bag.

Panic Underground

The second trip to the face, possibly nearly forty feet away, was worse because I started with over-confidence. On the way back the sand which I was dragging seemed to jam against the tunnel all round my chest and almost to form a seal. It felt, too, among my neck and ears; my head seemed to be left up the shaft which my body sealed. I moved my head; everywhere were the damp, sandy walls and roof, and this loose sand.

I had to get out of here, out of this grave-like blackness, and quickly, too. I wanted to shout—to beat the sides—above all to become an enormous Hercules and stand up through the roof, shaking from my body every trace of the clinging sand and to trample to nothingness my earthy prison.

I had to do something; I panicked

badly. I would tell Bill it was all a mistake. I should not be on this job. All a mistake. Bill would be surprised, but let him be. I could never go up this again—never once more in this thin cylinder. And I could easily retrieve honour by getting on a normal tunnel scheme, with shoring, electric light, and, above all, space to move. I would tell Bill as soon as I got to the den. I squirmed backwards, desperately embracing my loose sand and drawing it with me on the floor.

Temporarily exhausted, for I had moved too fast, I paused in the blackness for breath. Was that a light? No, it was a tiny phosphorescent gleam from dead wood or an insect or something. But it was reassuring. I left it and eventually got to the den.

Nothing To Worry About

All was heavenly normality. I could hear Mike's voice and the sound of vaulters banging about. What was there to worry about? My sand lay on the den floor. As I proceeded to bag it, I thought that perhaps I would tell Bill about my decision a bit later—say after supper tonight or tomorrow.

It could wait for a little. In any case I could scarcely announce it through the three-ply side of the horse. Meanwhile—all my sand was gone. My hands had been working away and there were some bags of sand lying about by my knees. I stood up and took the bags one by one and hung them on the hooks inside the horse.

I did another trip to the face. It was easier this time. "How's it going, Ollie?" came Bill's voice after I got back to the den.

"Just on the seventh bag."

"Good show. Everything all right?"

"Yes—fine, thanks."

I came towards the end of the bag-filling stage. I could not reasonably hang up any more, as then getting out of the den would be awkward. I placed the filled sandbags instead on a narrow ledge, several of them more or less one on top of another. They had to stand vertically because no fresh, damp sand must be spilt on the compound surface, to glint like gold and bring the ferrets with their probes. The space was minute, the bag balancing job difficult.

I was ready to pack up. I gave Bill

the usual warnings. I counted my bags again—twelve. Some hanging, some perched on the little ledge. I climbed out of the narrow hatchway. With a foot carefully placed on tiny ledges each side I held myself precariously balanced while, with my body in the position of a man doing a jack-knife dive, I put back the two boards. As the last fitted into place I breathed more freely. There would not now be danger of a major slide of sand into the den. Next the stabilizing anchor-bags. Down they went, nice and firm. Then the mass of sand off the blanket—this I pushed firmly between and on top of the bags.

What next? Yes, smooth over and it doesn't look too bad. Just an ordinary bit of compound. Except—yes, of course, that pink bag over in the far corner. I scattered the dry surface sand from it all over the area and, crouching in one end of the horse, I called, "Ready to go in."

A beam arrived through one of the slots and waggled about. I helped it in to the far slot in the three-ply side of the horse. I sat on it. Then the other beam came in, and I heard the four bearer men take up positions for lifting. Quick now—anything left on the compound surface? I'd got blanket, pink bag, little slot screens, that was surely all?

Bill's voice, "O.K., Ollie?"

I couldn't keep them, but I couldn't quite see under the far hanging bags: I bent almost double. Yes, all clear, nothing left there—bare sand—no footprints left. "O.K. Bill."

Last Lap—And An Alert

"Are you ready, lift," said Bill. I hung on tight. The horse jerked along. The bags in front of me swayed about and bumped one another. Were they all secure? Yes, the strings were all well looped over the metal hooks. We reached the canteen steps.

"Down at the back," came Bill's voice, and to me, "walk the last bit, Ollie, it's heavy this time." I let down my feet like an undercarriage and trotted along the passageway until the animal came to a halt.

I unhooked my bags and piled them upright on the floor. The horse was lifted suddenly. A hand appeared. I passed out a bag, then another. Then

the horse was banged down again. I could feel people, leaning on it.

"Quiet, Ollie—stay still."

"O.K."

After a moment or two the alert ended. The bags were all taken. I came out. Hands pushed me rapidly into the tiny little room off the passageway opposite the barber's shop. I was dusted down with speed.

To Dig Or Not To Dig

I rejoined Bill and we walked out of the canteen. Mike stayed behind to look after the security and dispersal arrangements. "Well," said Bill as we walked towards our hut, "what did you think of our tunnel, Ollie?"

"Oh, pretty good, Bill, you've certainly worked on it—but it's not very big—the smallest I've been in."

"Well, when you think of the dispersal you can see why."

"Oh, yes, I quite agree. What a noise the vaulters make! Nerve-wracking."

"Yes—at first you think it's all going to collapse, don't you?"

"Yes." I was fencing all the time. Should I tell Bill now that I would never go in the tunnel again, or should I do it this evening, perhaps, or tomorrow? I wavered. The horse scheme had little to recommend it; no real prospect of success. Yet it was, as far as I knew, the only current scheme—and it was undiscovered. And after all no one had ever got killed in a tunnel—except one man who was electrocuted—and whatever tunnels seemed like they weren't really dangerous. The question came.

"How did you like it inside—up towards the face?"

"Oh, as I say, Bill, a bit narrow... but the thing's quite workable—not a bad *dienst* at all."

Was this postponement—or decision? I stopped thinking about it. We arrived in our room.

"But you said you'd get the hot water for tea," a voice was saying, "and now it's too late." A typical p.o.w. row started. We were back to normal. The Germans did not provide the only incentive to escape from Stalag Luft III.

NEXT WEEK: My disguise and escape kit are ready. We fix the date of the breakout

A TOWN LIKE ALICE

by NEVIL SHUTE

ILLUSTRATED BY MACKINLAY

Part 4: THE WELL . . . For Jean, it was a symbol of years of horror. She could not foresee where it would lead her

A WET SUNDAY IN LONDON, and a girl sat by my fireside telling me of a man she might have loved, who had been crucified. He had been crucified for her. It was a horrible and a fantastic story, and to explain it I must explain my own rôle.

As family solicitor, I was appointed trustee of a legacy of £53,000 left to Jean Paget by her uncle. She was a girl of about twenty-six, attractive, sensible, and strangely mature. She would not at once decide what she should do with the money. Then one day she arrived at my flat, and told me she knew what she wanted to do. She wanted to go to Malaya—to dig a well. . . .

Jean had been in Malaya when the Japs landed. With a number of other women and children, she had been marched first to one spot and then another by the Japs, no one wishing to accept responsibility for them. There was no camp they could stay in. Their route across Malaya was marked by graves as disease struck again and again.

One day they encountered a lorry that had

broken down. The drivers were two Australian p.o.w.s. Jean grew friendly with one of them, Joe Harman, and he cheated the Japs time and again to bring the women necessary supplies. And then, one fatal day, he stole some chickens. They were prize chickens owned by a Japanese commandant, and the theft was traced.

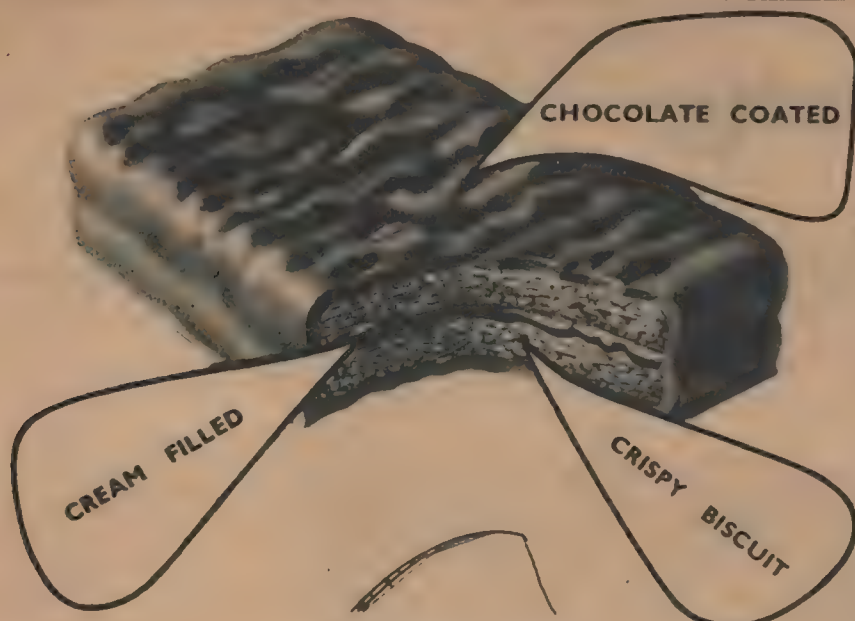
Jean told me about it, staring into the heart of the fire. "They took us to Kuantan, and they nailed his hands to a tree and beat him to death. They made us look on while they did it."

"My dear," I said. "I am so very sorry." She raised her head. "You don't have to be sorry," she replied. "It was one of those things that seem to happen in a war. It's a long time ago, now—nearly six years. And they hanged Captain Sugamo after the war—not for that, but for what he did on the railway. It's all over and done with now."

There was, of course, no women's camp in Kuantan, and Captain Sugamo wouldn't be bothered with a lot of women and children. The



He said: "Tell me what you want." She said: "We want to stay and work in the paddy fields, as your women do." He stared at her, astonished



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execution took place at midday at a tree that stood beside the recreation ground overlooking the tennis courts; as soon as the maimed, bleeding body hanging by its hands had ceased to twitch Captain Sugamo stood them in parade before him.

"You very bad people," he said. "No place here for you. I send you to Kota Bharu. You walk now."

So they took up their journey again, living from day to day. They left Kuantan about the middle of July. It is about two hundred miles from Kuantan to Kota Bharu: allowing for halts of several days for illness, Jean anticipated it would take them two months at least to get there.

They got to Besaroh on the first day: this is a fishing village on the sea, with white coral sand and palm trees at the head of the beach. It is a very lovely place, but they slept little, for most of the children were awake and crying in the night with memories of the horror they had seen. They could not bear to stay so close to Kuantan and travelled on next day another short stage to Balok, another fishing village on another beach with more palm trees. Here they rested for a day.

Gradually they came to realize that they had entered a new land. The north-east coast of Malaya is a very lovely country, and comparatively healthy. It is beautiful, with rocky headlands and long, sweeping, sandy beaches fringed with palm trees, and usually there is a fresh wind from the sea. Moreover, there is an abundance of fresh fish in all the villages. For the first time since they left Panong the women had sufficient protein with the rice, and their health began to show an improvement at once. Most of them bathed in the warm sea at least once every day, and certain of the skin diseases that they suffered from began to heal with this salt-water treatment, though not all. For the first time in months the children had sufficient energy to play.

They all improved, in fact, except the Japanese sergeant, who was now their only guard. The sergeant was suspicious of them now; he seldom carried a child or helped them in any way. He seemed to feel the reproaches that he had been given very much, and he had now no companion of his own race to talk to. He moped a great deal, sitting sullenly aloof from them in the evenings; once or twice Jean caught herself consciously trying to cheer him up, a queer reversal in the rôle of prisoner and guard.

As they travelled slowly up the coast the condition of the women and the children altered greatly for the better. They were now a very different party from the helpless people who had started off from Panong nearly six months before. Death had ruthlessly eliminated the weakest members and reduced them to about half the original numbers, which made all problems of billeting and feeding in the villages far easier. They were infinitely more experienced by that time, too. They had learned to use the native remedies for malaria and dysentery, to clothe themselves and wash and sleep in the native manner; in consequence they now had far more leisure than when they had been fighting to maintain a western style of life in primitive conditions. The march of ten miles every other day was now no longer a great burden; in the intervening day they had more time for the children. Presently Mrs. Warner, who at one time had been an elementary schoolmistress, started a class for the children, and school became a regular institution on their day of rest.

Jean began to teach the baby, Robin Holland, how to walk. He was quite fit and healthy again, and getting quite

a weight for her to carry, for he was now sixteen months old. She never burdened him with any clothes in that warm climate, and he crawled about naked in the shade of palm or casuarina trees, or in the sun upon the sand, like any Malay baby. He got nearly as brown as one, too.

In the weeks that followed they moved slowly northwards up the coast, through all the many fishing villages, Ular and Cheandar and Kalong and Penunjok and Kemasik and many others. They had a little sickness and spent a few days here and there while various members of the party sweated out a fever, but they had no more deaths. The final horror at Kuantan was a matter that they never spoke about at all, each fearing to recall it to the memory of the others; but each was secretly of the opinion that it had changed their luck.

With Mrs. Frith this impression struck much deeper. She sought for the hand of God in everything that happened to them. Brooding over their experience with this in mind, she was struck by certain similarities. She had read repeatedly about one Crucifixion; now there had been another. The Australian, in her mind, had had the power of healing, because the medicines he brought had cured her dysentery and Johnnie Horsefall's ringworm. It was beyond all doubt that they had been blessed in every way since his death for them. God had sent down His Son to earth in Palestine. What if He had done it again in Malaya?

Men and women who are in great and prolonged distress and forced into an entirely novel way of life, divorced entirely from their previous associations, frequently develop curious mental traits. Mrs. Frith did not thrust her views upon them, yet inevitably the matter that she was beginning to believe herself became known to the other women, and, as the weeks went on, accurate memory of the Australian began to fade, and was replaced by an awed and roseate memory of the man he had not been. If this incredible event that Mrs. Frith believed could possibly be true, it meant indeed that they were in the hands of God; nothing could touch them then; they would win through and live through all their troubles and one day they would regain their homes, their husbands, and their western way of life. They marched on with renewed strength.

Jean did nothing to dispel these fancies, which were evidently helpful to the women, but she was not herself impressed. She was the youngest of all of them, and the only one unmarried; she had formed a very different idea of Joe Harman. She knew him for a very human, very normal man; she had grown prettier, she knew, when he had come to talk to her, and more attractive. It had been a subconscious measure of defence that had led her to allow him to continue to refer to her as Mrs. Boong; if the baby on her hip had misled him into classing her with all the other married women, that was just as well. In those villages, in the hot tropic nights when they wore little clothing, in that place of extraordinary standards or no standards at all, she knew that anything might have happened between them if he had known that she was an unmarried girl, and it might well have happened very quickly. Her grief for him was more real and far deeper than that of the other women, and it was not in the least because she thought that he had been divine. She was entirely certain in her own mind that he wasn't.

Towards the end of August they were in a village called Kuala Telang, about halfway between Kuantan and Kota Bharu. The Telang is a short, muddy river that wanders through a flat

NOW YOU KNOW



THOSE bits of muslin that cover the milk are just foot-scrapers for flies. Trying to scrape through the muslin, they drop in germs. It's better not to take milk out of the bottle until you need it—then cover the opening with a cap. Best type of cap to keep out dirt is a metal foil. A cardboard disc does not protect the rim, over which milk is poured.

Another foot-scraper for the fly is the wire mesh meat cover. Use a solid top over the meat.

country of rice-fields to the sea; the village stands on the south bank of the river just inside the sand bar at the mouth. It is a pretty place of palm and casuarina trees and long white beaches on which the rollers of the South China Sea break in surf. The village lives upon the fishing and on the rice-fields. About fifteen fishing boats operate from the river, big open sailing-boats with strange, high, flat figureheads at bow and stern. There is a sort of village square with wood and palm leaf native shops grouped round about it; behind this stands a godown for the rice beside the river bank. This godown was empty at the time, and it could accommodate the party.

It was here that the Japanese sergeant fell ill with fever, probably malaria. At first they had been pleased and relieved that this queer, ugly, uncouth little man was in eclipse, but as he grew more unhappy they suffered a strange reversal of feeling. He had been with them for a long time and he had done what was possible within the limits of his duty to alleviate their lot; he had carried their children willingly and had wept when children died. When it was obvious that he had fever they took turns at carrying his rifle and his tunic and his boots and his pack for him, so that they arrived in the village as a queer procession, Mrs. Warner leading the little yellow man, clad only in his trousers and stumbling along in a daze. He walked more comfortably barefoot. Behind them other women carried his equipment.

Jean found the headman, a man of about fifty called Mat Amin bin Taib, and explained the situation to him. "We are prisoners," she said, "marching from Kuantan to Kota Bharu, and this Japanese is our guard. He is ill with fever, and we must find a shady house for him to lie in. He has authority to sign chits in the name of the Imperial Japanese Army for our food and accommodation, and he will do this for you when he recovers; he will give you a paper. We must have a place to sleep ourselves, and food."

"You can have what we have ourselves," he said, "but it is strange to see mems living so."

He took the sergeant into his own house and produced a mattress stuffed with coconut fibre and a pillow of the same material; he had a mosquito net which was evidently his own and he offered this, but the women refused it

because they knew the sergeant needed all the cooling breezes he could get. They made him take his trousers off and get into a sarong and lie down on the bed. They had no quinine left, but the headman produced a draught of his own concoction and they gave the sergeant some of this.

But the fever persisted. He grew weaker and weaker, and two days later he died in the night. There seemed no particular reason why he should have died, but the disgrace of Kuantan was heavy on him and he seemed to have lost interest and the will to live.

The death of the sergeant left them in a most unusual position, for they were now prisoners without a guard. They discussed it at some length that evening after the funeral. "I don't see why we shouldn't stay here, where we are," said Mrs. Frith. "It's a nice place, this is, as nice as any that we've come to. That's what He said, we ought to find a place where we'd be out of the way, and just live there."

Jean said, "I know. There's two things we'd have to settle though. First, the Japs are bound to find out sometime that we're living here, and then the headman will get into trouble for having allowed us to stay here without telling them. They'd probably kill him. You know what they are."

"Maybe they wouldn't find us, after all," said Mrs. Price.

"I don't believe Mat Amin is the man to take that risk," Jean said. "There isn't any reason why he should. If we stay he'll go straight to the Japanese and tell them that we're here." She paused. "The other thing is that we can't expect this village to go on feeding seventeen of us for ever just because we're white mems. They'll go and tell the Japs about us just to get rid of us."

Mrs. Frith said shrewdly, "We could grow our own food, perhaps. Half the paddy-fields we walked by coming in haven't been planted this year."

Jean stared at her. "That's quite right—they haven't. I wonder why that is?"

"All the men must have gone to the war," said Mrs. Warner. "Working as coolies taking up that railway line, or something like that."

Jean said slowly, "What would you think of this? Suppose I go and tell Mat Amin that we'll work in the rice-fields if he'll let us stay here? What would you think of that?"

Mrs. Price laughed. "Me, with my figure? Walking about in the mud and water up to the knees planting them little seedlings in the mud, like you see the Malay girls doing?"

Jean said apologetically, "It was just a thought."

"And a very good one, too," said Mrs. Warner. "I wouldn't mind working in the paddy-fields if we could stay here and live comfortable and settled."

Mrs. Frith said, "If we were growing rice like that, maybe they'd let us stay here—the Japs, I mean. After all, in that way we'd be doing something useful, instead of walking all over the country, like a lot of whipped dogs with no home."

NEXT morning Jean went to the headman. She put her hands together in the praying gesture of greeting, and smiled at him, and said in Malay, "Mat Amin, why do we see the paddy-fields not sown this year? We saw so many of them as we came to this place, not sown at all."

He said most of the men, except the fishermen, had been taken to work by the Japanese.

"Who, then, will plant the paddy and reap it?"

"The women will do what they can. Rice will be short next year, not here, because we shall not sell the paddy

Continued on page 27

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A TOWN LIKE ALICE

Continued from page 25

that we need to eat ourselves. We shall not have enough to sell to the Japanese. I do not know what they are going to eat, but it will not be rice."

Jean said: "Mat Amin, I have serious matters to discuss with you. If there were a man among us I would send him to talk for us, but there is no man. You will not be offended if I ask you to talk business with a woman, on behalf of women?" She now knew something of the right approach to a Mohammedan.

He bowed to her and led her to his house. There was a small rickety veranda. They went up to this and sat down upon the floor facing each other. He was a level-eyed old man with close-cropped hair and a small, clipped moustache, naked to the waist and wearing a sarong; his face was firm, but not unkind. He called sharply to his wife within the house to bring out coffee.

JEAN waited until the coffee appeared, making small talk for politeness; she knew the form after six months in the villages. It came in two thick glasses, without milk and sweet with sugar. She bowed to him and lifted her glass and sipped, and set it down again. "We are in a difficulty," she said frankly. "Our guard is dead and what now will become of us is in our own hands—and in yours. You know our story. We were taken prisoner at Panong, and since then we have walked many hundreds of miles to this place. No Japanese commander will receive us and put us in a camp and feed us and attend to us in illness because each commander thinks that these things are the duty of the other; so they march us under guard from town to town. This has been going on now for more than six months, and in that time half of our party have died upon the road."

He inclined his head. "It is written that the angels said: 'Every soul shall taste of death, and we will prove you with evil and with good; for a trial of you, and unto us shall ye return.'"

She thought quickly. The words of the headman at Dilit came into her mind. She said: "It is also written, 'If ye be kind towards women and fear to wrong them, God is well acquainted with what ye do.'"

He eyed her steadily. "Where is that written?"

She said: "In the Fourth Surah." "Are you of the Faith?" he asked incredulously.

She shook her head. "I do not want to deceive you. I am a Christian; we are all Christians. The headman of a village on our road was kind to us, and when I thanked him he said that to me. I do not know the Koran."

"You are a very clever woman," he said. "Tell me what you want."

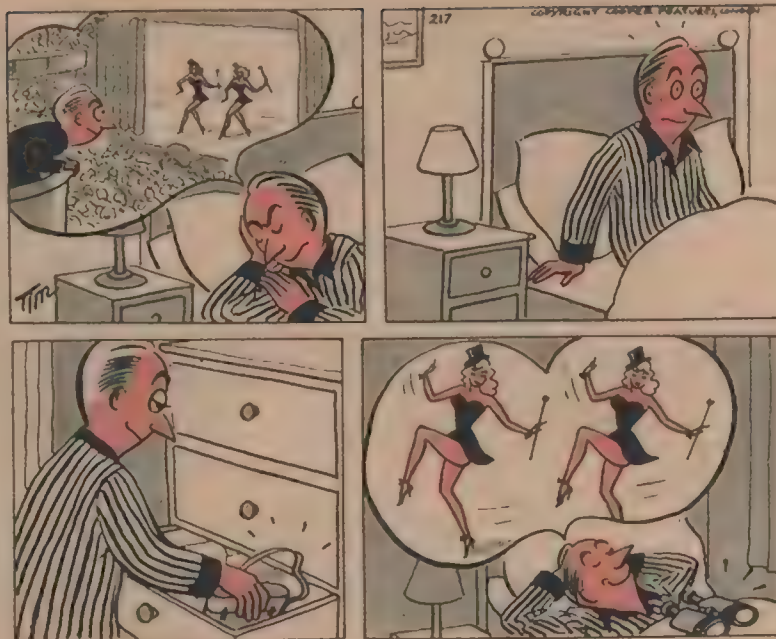
"I want our party to stay here, in this village," she said, "and go to work in the paddy-fields, as your women do."

He stared at her, astonished. "This will be dangerous for you."

She said: "We know that very well. If Japanese officers find us in this place before you have reported to them that we are here they will be very angry. And so, I want you to do this. I want you to let us go to work at once with one or two of your women to show us what to do. We will work all day for our food alone and a place to sleep. When we have worked so for two weeks I will go myself and find an officer and report to him and tell him what we are doing. And you shall come with me,

OH, JOHNNY!

by TIM



as headman of this village, and you shall tell the officer that more rice will be grown for the Japanese if we are allowed to continue working in the ricefields. These are the things I want."

"I have never heard of white mems working in the paddy-fields," he said. She asked: "Have you ever heard of white mems marching and dying as we have marched and died?"

He was silent.

"We are in your hands," she said. "If you say, 'Go upon your way and walk on to some other place,' then we must go, and going we must die. That will then be a matter between you and God. If you allow us to stay and cultivate your fields and live with you in peace and safety you will get great honour when the English Tuans return to this country after their victory. Because they will win this war in the end; these Short Ones are in power now, but they cannot win against the English and the Americans and all the free peoples of the world. One day the English Tuans will come back."

He said: "I shall be glad to see that day."

THAT evening, after the hour of evening prayer, Jean saw a gathering of men squatting with the headman in front of his house; they were all old men, because there were very few young ones in Kuala Telang at that time, and young ones probably would not have been admitted to the conference in any case.

The elders agreed, and next day the women went to work. There were six married women in the party at that time, and Jean, and ten children, including Jean's charge. The headman took them out to the fields with two Malay girls, Fatimah binti Darus and Raihana binti Hassan. He gave them seven small fields covered in weeds to start upon, an area that was easily within their power to manage. There was a roofed platform nearby in the fields, for resting in the shade; they left the youngest children here and went to work.

The seven women were all fairly robust; the journey had eliminated the ones who would have been unable to stand agricultural work. Those who were left were women of determination and grit, with high morale and a good sense of humour. As soon as they became accustomed to the novelty of working ankle deep in mud and water they did not find the work exacting, and presently, as they became accustomed to it, they were seized with an ambition to show the village that white

mems could do as much work as Malay women, or more.

Paddy is grown in little fields surrounded by a low wall of earth, so that water from a stream can be led into the field at will to turn it into a shallow pool. When the water is let out again the earth bottom is soft mud, and weeds can be pulled out by hand and the ground prepared for the seedlings. The seedlings are raised by scattering the rice in a similar nursery field, and they are then transplanted in rows into the muddy field. The field is then flooded again for a few days while the seedlings stand with their heads above the water in the hot sun, and the water is let out again for a few days to let the sun get to the roots. With alternating flood and dry in that hot climate the plants grow very quickly to about the height of wheat, with feathery ears of rice on top of the stalks. The rice is harvested by cutting off the ears with a little knife, leaving the straw standing, and is taken in sacks to the village to be winnowed. Water buffaloes are then turned in to eat the straw and fertilize the ground and tramp it all about, and the ground is ready for sowing again to repeat the cycle. Two crops a year are normally got from the ricefields, and there is no rotation of crop.

On the sixteenth day Jean started out with the headman, Mat Amin, to go and look for the Japanese; they carried the sergeant's rifle and equipment and his uniform and his paybook. There was a place called Kuala Rakit some miles away where a Japanese detachment were stationed.

They saw the civil administrator and the military commanding officer, Colonel Matisaka. It was quite clear that Colonel Matisaka considered women prisoners to be a nuisance, and he had no intention whatsoever of diverting any portion of his force to guarding them. Left to himself he would probably have sent them marching on, but with the civil administrator in his office and acquainted with the facts he could hardly do that. In the end he washed his hands of the whole thing and told the civil administrator to make what arrangements he thought best. The civil administrator then said the women could stay where they were for the time being, and Jean started back for Kuala Telang with Mat Amin.

They lived there for three years.

It was three years wasted, just chopped out of one's life," Jean said. She raised her head and looked at me, hesitantly. "At least—I suppose it was. I know a lot about Malays, but

that's not worth much here in England."

"You won't know if it was wasted until you come to an end of your life," I said. "Perhaps not then."

She nodded. "I suppose that's right." She took up the poker and began scraping the ash from the bars of the grate. "They were so very kind to us," she said. "They couldn't have been nicer, within the limits of what they are and what they've got. Fatimah, the girl who showed us what to do in the ricefields in those first weeks—she was a perfect dear. I got to know her very well indeed."

"Is that where you want to go back to?" I asked.

She nodded. "I would like to do something for them now that I've got this money. We lived with them for three years and they did everything for us. We'd all have died before the war was ended if they hadn't taken us in and let us stay with them. And now I've got so much, and they so very, very little."

"Don't forget you haven't got as much as all that," I said. "Travelling to Malaya is a very expensive journey."

She smiled. "I know. What I want to do for them won't cost so very much—not more than fifty pounds, if that. We had to carry water in that village—that's the women's work—and it's a fearful job. You see, the river's tidal at the village so the water's brackish; you can use it for washing in or rinsing out your clothes, but drinking water has to be fetched from the spring, nearly a mile away."

SHE was silent, thinking about it for a while. "We used to go for it with gourds, two in each hand with a stick between them, morning and evening—a mile there and a mile back—four miles a day. Fatimah and the other girls didn't think about it; it's what the village has done always, generation after generation."

"That's why you want to dig a well?"

She nodded. "It's something I could do for them, for the women—something that would make life easier for them, as they made life easier for us. A well right in the middle of the village, within a couple of hundred yards of every house. It's what they ought to have. I'm sure it wouldn't have to be more than about ten feet deep because there's water all about. The water level can't be more than about ten feet down, or fifteen feet at the most. I thought if I went back there and offered to engage a gang of well-diggers to do this for them it'd sort of wind things up. And after that I could enjoy this money with a clear conscience." She looked up. "You don't think that's silly, do you?"

"No," I said. "I don't think that. The only thing is, I wish it wasn't quite so far away. Travelling there and back will make a very big hole in a year's income."

"I know that," she said. "If I run out of money I'll take a job in Singapore or somewhere for a few months and save up a bit."

"As a matter of interest," I said, "why didn't you stay out there and get a job? You know the country so well."

She said: "I had a scunner of it, then—in 1945. We were all dying to get home. They sent three trucks for us from Kota Bharu, and we were taken to the airfield there and flown down to Singapore in a Dakota with an Australian crew. And there I met Bill Holland, and I had to tell him about Eileen, and Freddie and Jane." Her voice dropped. "All the family, except Robin; he was four years old by that time, and quite a sturdy little chap. They let me travel home with Bill and Robin, to look after Robin. He looked

on me as his mother, of course."

She smiled a little. "Bill wanted to make it permanent," she said. "I couldn't do that. I couldn't have been the sort of wife he wanted."

I said nothing.

"When we landed, England was so green and beautiful," she said. "I wanted to forget about the war, and forget about the East, and grow to be an ordinary person again. I got this job with Pack and Levy and I've been there two years now—ladies' handbags and attaché cases for the luxury trade, nothing to do with wars or sickness or death. I've had a happy time there, on the whole."

She had been very much alone when she got home. She had cabled to her mother directly she reached Singapore; there was a long delay, and then she got a cable in reply from her Aunt Agatha in Colwyn Bay, breaking to her the news that her mother was dead. Before she left Singapore she heard that her brother, Donald, had died upon the Burma-Siam railway. She must have felt very much alone in the world when she regained her freedom; it seemed to me that she had shown great strength of character in refusing an offer of marriage at that time. She landed at Liverpool and went to stay for a few weeks with her Aunt Agatha at Colwyn Bay; then she went down to London to look for a job.

I asked her why she had not got in touch with her uncle, the old man at Ayr. "Quite honestly," she said, "I forgot all about him, or if I thought of him at all I thought he was dead, too. I only saw him once, when I was about eleven years old, and he looked about dead then. It never entered my head that he would still be alive. Mother's estate was all wound up, and there were very few of her personal papers left, because they were all in the Pagets' house in Southampton when that got blitzed. If I had thought about Uncle Douglas I wouldn't have known where he lived. . . ."

It was still pouring with rain. We decided to give up the idea of going out that afternoon, and to have tea in my flat. She went out into my little kitchen and began getting it, and I busied myself with laying the tea-table and cutting bread and butter. When she came in with the tray, I asked: "When do you think of going to Malaya, then?"

She said: "I thought I'd book my passage for the end of May, and go on working at Pack and Levy up till then. That's about another six weeks. By then I'll have enough saved up to pay my passage out and home, and I'll still have about sixty pounds I saved out of my wages in these last two years."

She had been into the cost of her journey, and had found a line of intermediate class cargo ships that took about a dozen passengers for a relatively modest fare to Singapore. "I think I'll have to fly to Kota Bharu from Singapore," she said. "Malayan Airways go to Kuantan and then to Kota Bharu. I don't know how I'll get from Kota Bharu to Kuala Telang, but I expect there'll be something."

She was quite capable of walking it, I thought; a journey through the heart of Malaya could mean little to her now.

I saw Jean Paget from time to time in the six weeks before she left this country. She booked her passage to sail from London docks on June 2, and she gave notice to her firm to leave at the end of May. She told me that they were rather upset about it, and they offered her a ten shilling rise at once; in view of that she had told Mr. Pack about her legacy, and he had accepted the inevitable.

I made arrangements for her income

for the months of July and August and September to be available to her in Singapore, and I opened an account for her with the Chartered Bank for that purpose. As the time for her departure drew closer I became worried for her, not because I was afraid that she would overspend her income, but because I was afraid she would get into some difficulty due to her expenses being higher than she thought they would be. Nine hundred a year does not go very far in these days for a person travelling about the East.

I mentioned that to her about a week before she left. "Don't forget that you're a fairly wealthy woman now," I said. "You're quite right to live within your income and, indeed, I have to see you do. But don't forget that I have fairly wide discretionary powers under your uncle's will. If you get into any difficulty, or if you really need money, let me have a cable at once. As, for example, if you should get ill."

She smiled. "That's very sweet of you," she said. "But honestly, I think I'll be all right. I'm counting upon taking a job if I find I'm running short. After all, I haven't got to get back here to England by a given date, or anything like that."

I said: "Don't stay too long away."

She smiled. "I shan't, Mr. Strachan," she said. "There's nothing to keep me in Malaya once I've done this thing."

SHE was giving up her room in Sealing, of course, and she asked if she might leave a trunk and a suitcase in the boxroom of my flat till she came back to England. She brought them round the day before she sailed, and with them a pair of skating boots with skates attached, which wouldn't go into the trunk. She told me then that she was only taking one suitcase as her luggage.

"But what about your tropical kit?" I asked. "Have you had that sent on?"

She smiled. "I've got it with me in the suitcase," she said. "Fifty Paludrine tablets and a hundred Sulphatriads, some repellent, and my old sarong. I'm not going out to be a lady in Malaya."

She had nobody but me to go down to the docks with her to see her off; she was very much alone in the world, and friends she had who might have liked to come were all working in jobs and couldn't get the time off. I drove her down in a taxi. She took her journey very much as a matter of course; she seemed to have made no more preparation for a voyage halfway round the world than a girl of my generation would have made for a weekend at Chislehurst. The ship was a new one and everything was bright and clean. When the steward opened the door of her cabin she stood back amazed, because he had arranged the flowers all round the little room, and there were plenty of them. "Oh, Noel, look!" she said. "Just look at all the flowers!" She turned to the steward. "Wherever did they come from? Not from the company?"

"They come in three big boxes yesterday evening," he replied. "Make a nice show, don't they, miss?"

She swung round on me. "I believe you sent them." And then she said: "Oh, how perfectly sweet of you!"

"English flowers," I said. "Just to remind you to come back to England soon." I must have had a premonition even then that she was never going to come back.

Before I could realize what she was doing, she had slipped an arm around my shoulders and kissed me on the lips. "That's for the flowers, Noel," she said softly. "For the flowers and for



"Tell him we're not hiring any more workers. We have more than we can negotiate with"

everything else you've done for me."

I didn't wait to see her ship go off, because partings are stupid things and best got over quickly. I went back in the taxi to my flat alone, and I remember that I stood for a long time at the window of my room watching the ornamented wall of the stables opposite and thinking of her fine new steamer going down the river past Gravesend and Tilbury, past Shoeburyness and the North Foreland, taking her away. And then I woke myself up and went and shifted her trunk and her suitcase to a corner of the boxroom by themselves, and I stood for some time with her boots and skates in my hand, personal things of hers, wondering where they had better go. Finally I took them to my bedroom and put them in the bottom of my wardrobe, because I should never have forgiven myself if they had been stolen. She was just such a girl as one would have liked to have for a daughter, but we never had a daughter at all.

JEAN travelled across half the world in her tramp steamer and she wrote to me from most of the ports she called at, from Marseilles and Naples, from Alexandria and Aden, from Colombo, from Rangoon and from Penang. A friend of mine at the club called Wright was always very interested in her because he had lived for years in Malaya, and I got into the habit of telling him about her voyage and how she was getting on. He knew the British Adviser to the Raja at Kota Bharu quite well, a Mr. Wilson-Hays, and I got him to write out to Wilson-Hays by air mail telling him about Jean Paget and asking him to do what he could for her. He told me that that was rather necessary, because there was nowhere where a lady could stay in Kota Bharu except with one of the British people who were living there. We got a very friendly letter back from Wilson-Hays saying that he was expecting her, and I was able to get a letter out to her by air mail telling her what we had done.

She only stayed one night in Singapore, and took the morning plane to Kota Bharu; the Dakota wandered about all over Malaya calling at various places, and put her down upon the airstrip at Kota Bharu early in the afternoon. She got out of the Dakota wearing the same light grey coat and skirt in which she had left London and Wilson-Hays was there himself to meet the aeroplane, with his wife.

Wilson-Hays knew all about her long

before we wrote to him, although, of course, he had heard nothing of her since the end of the war. He had sent word to Mat Amin when he got our letter to tell him that she was coming back to see them, and he had arranged to lend her his jeep with a driver to take her the hundred miles or so to Kuala Telang.

She stayed in the Residency two nights and bought a few simple articles in the native shops. When she left in the jeep next morning she was wearing native clothes; she left her suitcase and most of her things with Mrs. Wilson-Hays. She took with her only what a native woman of good class would take; she wore a faded old blue-and-white chequered sarong with a white coatee. She wore sandals as a concession to the softness of her feet, and she carried a plain tan Chinese-type umbrella as a sunshade.

She had done her hair up on top of her head in the native style with a large comb in the middle of it. She carried a small palm-leaf basket, but Mrs. Wilson-Hays told her husband there was very little in it; she took a toothbrush but no toothpaste; she took a towel and a cake of antiseptic soap and a few drugs. She took one change of clothes, a new sarong and a flowered cotton top to match; she took three small, inexpensive brooches and two rings as little presents for her friends, but she took no cosmetics. That was about all she had.

"I thought her very wise to go like that," Wilson-Hays told me later in London, when he was on leave. "If she had gone dressed as an Englishwoman she'd have made them embarrassed. Some of the English residents were quite upset when they heard she'd gone off in native dress—old school tie, and letting down the side, and all that sort of thing. I must say, when I saw her go I thought it was rather a good thing to do." He paused. "After all, it's how she was dressed all through the war, and nobody talks about her having let down the side then."

It is a long day in a jeep from Kota Bharu to Kuala Telang; the roads are very poor, and there are four main rivers to be crossed which necessitated ferrying the jeep over in a boat, apart from a large number of fords. It took her fourteen hours to cover the hundred miles, and it was dark when they drove into Kuala Telang. There was a buzz of excitement as the jeep drove through the shadowy village, and people came out of their houses doing up their sarongs; there was a full moon that

night, so that there was light enough to see to drive. They stopped in front of the headman's house, and she got out of the jeep a little wearily, and went to him, and put her hands up in the praying gesture, and said in Malay: "I have come back, Mat Amin, lest you should think the white mems have forgotten all about you when their need is past."

He said: "We have thought and talked about you ever since you went." And then there were people thronging about them, and she saw Fatimah approaching with a baby in her arms and a toddler hanging on to her sarong, and she pushed through the crowd and took her by the hand and said: "It is too long since we met."

Fatimah was married to a young man called Derahman bin Ismail, and she brought him forward and presented him to the white mem; Jean bowed before him and wished that she had brought a shawl to pull over her face, as would have been polite when being introduced to a strange man. She put her hand up to her face, and said: "Excuse me that I have no veil." He bowed to her and said: "It is no matter," and Fatimah broke in and said: "He knows and everybody knows that the white mems never veiled their faces when they lived with us, because different people have different ways. Oh, Djeen, we are so happy that you have come back."

She made arrangements with Mat Amin for the accommodation of the driver, and then went with Fatimah to her husband's house.

That night, she made a pillow of her palm-leaf bag and lay down on a mat as she had done a thousand times before, and loosened the sarong around her waist, and slept.

NEXT morning, she had a talk with Fatimah and Meriam and old Zubeidah, squatting round the cooking pots behind the house out of the way of the men. "I have thought of this place," she said. "I have thought of you all living and working as I lived and worked. I was working in England, working in an office at books in the way that women have to work in my country, because, as you know, I am a poor woman and I have had to work all my life to earn my living till I find a husband who suits me, and I am very particular." The women laughed.

Meriam said: "There is a woman of our people working in the bank at Kuala Rakit. I saw her through the window. She was doing something with her fingers on a machine, and it went clock-click-click."

Jean nodded. "That is how I earn my living in my country, working a machine like that to make a printed letter for the Tuan. But recently my uncle died; he lived far away from me and I had only met him once, but he had no other relatives and I inherited his money, so that now I need not work unless I want to." A murmur of appreciation went around the women. Two or three more had drifted

up to enlarge the circle. "And now, having money of my own for the first time in my life, I thought more of you here in Kuala Telang than ever before, and of your kindness to us when we lived with you as prisoners. And it came to me that I should give a thanks offering to this place, and that this thanks offering should be a present from a woman to the women of Kuala Telang, nothing to do with the men."

There was a pleased and excited little buzz amongst the women who surrounded her. Old Zubeidah said: "It is true, the men get everything." One or two of the women looked shocked at this heresy.

"I have thought many times," Jean said, "that there should be a well in this place, so that you should not have to fetch fresh water from the spring morning and evening, but you could walk out of your houses only fifty paces at the most and there would be a well of fresh water with a bucket that you could go to and draw water at any time of the day whenever you had need of cool, fresh water." There was a little buzz of appreciation again. "There would be smooth stones around the well where you could sit and talk while the young men work the bucket for you. And close beside the well I would have an atap house for washing clothes with long slabs of smooth stone or concrete arranged so that you could face each other while you wash, and talk, but all surrounded by an atap wall so that the men will not be able to see." The buzz rose to an excited clamour. "This is what I want to do, as a thanks offering. I will engage a gang of well-diggers and they shall dig the well, and I will pay masons for the stonework round the top, and I will pay carpenters to build the washing house. But for the arrangement inside the house I shall want two or three women of experience to advise me how it should be devised, for the height of the slabs, for concrete pools or channels for the water, and so on. This is the gift of a woman for women, and in this thing the men shall do what women say."

There was a long clamour of discussion. Some of the women were doubtful if the men would ever allow such a thing, and some were doubtful whether it was not impious to wish to alter the arrangements that had satisfied their mothers and their grandmothers before them. But most were avid for the innovation if it could be achieved; once they were used to the idea they savoured it, and turned it over, examining it in every detail and discussing where the well should be, and where the washhouse, and where the concrete pools should lie, and where the drain. At the end of a couple of hours they had accepted the idea wholeheartedly, and Jean was satisfied that it would fill a real need, and that there was nothing that they would have preferred her to give.

That evening she sat opposite Mat Amin on the small veranda before his house, as she had sat so many times before when matters that concerned the women had to be discussed. She sipped her coffee. "I have come to talk with you," she said, "because I want to give a thanks offering to this place, that people may remember when the white women came here and you were kind to them."

He said: "The wife has been talking of nothing else all day, with other women. They say you want to make a well."

Jean said: "That is true. This is a thanks offering from all the English mems to Kuala Telang, but because we are women it is fitting that it should be a present for the women of this place. When we lived here it was a

Continued on next page

Hammersmith
W. 6.

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WHITER



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2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators. 3. As entry-fee, enclose P.O. or stamps as indicated on coupon. Fee submitted will be taken to cover *Bullets* in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are allowed. If using P.O. make payable to JOHN BULL, cross / & Co., write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* and Crosswords for entry-fee not exceeding 2s. if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.

4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that results of this week's Contests in *Bulletin* and *Gazette* dated July 8, and in JOHN BULL dated July 15, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.

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To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* below. To use an incomplete *Example*, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make your *Bullet* as usual.

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Unity Is Strength, So
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Our Friends
Being Married
In The Money
Essential
Seems Only Yesterday
Not Afraid
That Woman
Put Up With
Hot And Thirsty
In Home's Harbour
It Looked Fine, But
Sonny's Souvenir
Snapped
Full Of Fun
The Flying Squad
Sheer Cussedness
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Incomplete "Examples"
—see instructions

The People
When I Get.....
Anything That's.....
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Across Clues XWORD 688

1. The saving of this often enters into world politics
5. It is possible for one to become a public menace
8. Whole row of cottages is sometimes
10. One naturally tries to escape
11. In a good cause, many a man is willing to take this from others
13. Architectural student wishing to design public buildings would do well to study
14. Player is more likely to score with good ones
15. Can be pretty prickly, some hikers find

Down Clues

2. Willing horse should not have to suffer for want of
3. Polar explorer should get a good send-off when his ship goes this
4. Now and again vanish at dance
6. Man about town may well justify his being described as
7. Some people get quite a kick out of wading through
9. They mean money to owner of theatre
12. The sort of thing anyone might stumble over at times

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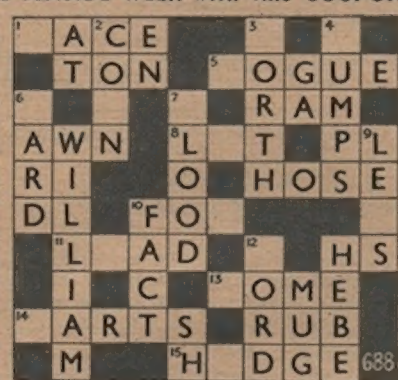
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A TOWN LIKE ALICE

Continued from previous page

great labour, morning and evening, to fetch water from the spring. That is why I want my thanks offering to be a well in the middle of the village."

He said: "The spring was good enough for their mothers and their grandmothers before them. They will get ideas above their station in life."

She said, patiently: "They will have more energy to serve you faithfully and kindly if they have this well, Mat Amin. Do you remember Raihana binti Ismail, who lost her baby when she was three months pregnant, carrying this water?" He was shocked that she should speak of such a thing, but English mems would speak of anything. "She was ill for a year after that, and I don't think she was any good to her husband ever again. If the women had had this well I want to give you as a thanks offering, that accident would not have happened."

He said: "God disposes of the lives of women as well as those of men."

She smiled gently. "Do I have to remind you, Mat Amin, that it is written: 'Men's souls are naturally inclined to covetousness; but if ye be kind towards women and fear to wrong them, God is well acquainted with what ye do.'"

He laughed and slapped his thigh. "You said that to me many times when you lived here, whenever you wanted anything, but I have not heard it since."

"It would be kind to let the women have their well," she said.

He replied, still laughing: "When women want a thing as badly as they want this well that you have promised them, they usually get it. But this is a matter which concerns the village as a whole, and I must consult my brothers."

The men sat in conference next morning, squatting on their heels in the shade of the atap market house. Presently they sent for Jean and she squatted down with them, a little to one side as is fitting for a woman, and they asked her where the well was to be put, and where the atap washhouse. She said that everything was in their hands, but it would be convenient for the women if it was on the patch of ground in front of Chai San's shop, with the atap washhouse west of it and pointing towards Ahmed's house. They all got up then and went to see the ground and discuss it from all angles, and all the women of the village stood around and watched their lords making this important decision, and Djeen talking with them almost as if she was an equal.

SHE did not hurry them; she had lived three years in this village and she knew the slowness of their mental processes, the caution with which all innovations were approached. It took them two days to make up their minds that the well would be a good thing to have, and that the Wrath of God would not descend upon them if they put the work in hand.

Well-digging is a skilled craft, and there was one family only on the coast who could be entrusted with the work; they lived about five miles from Kuantan. Mat Amin dictated a letter for the Imam to write in the Jawi script, and then they took it into Kuala Rakit and posted it. Jean settled down to wait for several weeks while the situation developed.

She spent much of the time with the fishermen in their boats, or sitting on the beach and playing with the children. She taught them to build sand castles and to play noughts and

crosses on a chequer drawn with the finger in the sand; she bathed and swam a good deal, and worked for a week in the rice-fields at the time of harvest. She had lived so long with these people that she was patient about the passage of time; moreover, she had a use for time to consider what she was going to do with her life now that she had no further need to work. She waited there for three weeks in idleness, and she did not find it tedious.

The well-diggers were a family of an old grey-bearded father, Suleiman, and his two sons, Yacob and Hussein. They spent a day surveying the land, and all the arguments for the site chosen for the well had to be gone over once again to satisfy these experts; when work finally began it was done quickly and well.

OLD Suleiman, the father, was a mine of information to the village, for he travelled up and down the east coast of Malaya building and repairing wells, and so visited most villages from time to time. Jean was sitting there one afternoon, and said to him: "You are from Kuantan?"

"From Batu Sawah," said the old man. "That is two hours' walk from Kuantan. Our home is there, but we are great travellers."

She was silent for a moment; then she said: "Do you remember the Japanese officer in charge at Kuantan in the first year of the war, Captain Sugamo?"

"Assuredly," the old man replied. "He is a very bad man, and we were glad when he went away. Captain Ichnino, who came after him, was better."

Jean was surprised that he did not seem to know that Sugamo was dead; she had supposed that the War Crimes Commission would have taken evidence in Kuantan. She told him: "Captain Sugamo is dead now. He was sent to the Burma-Siam railway, and there he caused many atrocities and many murders. But the Allies caught him when the war was over and he was tried for murder and executed in Penang."

"I am glad to hear it," the old man replied. "I will tell my sons." He called down the well with the news; it was discussed a little and then the men went on with their work.

Jean asked: "Did he do many evil things in Kuantan?" There was one still hideously fresh in her mind, but she could not bring herself to speak of it directly.

Suleiman said: "Many people were tortured."

She nodded. "I saw one myself." It had to come out, and it did not matter what she said to this old man. "When we were starving and ill, a soldier who was a prisoner helped us. The Japanese caught him and they crucified him with nails through his hands and they beat him to death."

"I remember that," the old man said. "He was in hospital at Kuantan."

Jean stared at him. "Old man, when was he in hospital? He died."

"Perhaps there were two." He called down the well to Yacob. "The English soldier who was crucified and beaten at Kuantan in the first year of the war. The English men knew him. Tell us, did that man die?"

Hussein broke in. "The one who was beaten was an Australian, not English. He was beaten because he stole chickens."

"Assuredly," the old man said. "It was for stealing the black chickens. But did he live or die?"

Yacob called up from the bottom of the well. "Captain Sugamo had him taken down that night; they pulled the nails out of his hands. He lived."

To be continued next week

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